The Centre Reporter.

VOL. LXIV. CENTRE HALL, PA., THURSDAY, JULY 23, 1891. NO. 28

THE CENTRE REPORTER

FRED KURTZ, -- EDITOR

Quay must get out of the way.

Stanley and his wife are going to separate.

A number of the Philadelphia dailies are under a cloud just now—wonder whether it will cause rain?

They are now talking of electing Gen. Hastings chairman of the Penn. Clubs. We speak for Gen. Hastings when we announce that he "don't want nothing."

Gov. Curtin does not think that a constitutional convention at this time is an absolute necessity, and other leading men are of the same mind.

Quay may or may not resign. In answer to a telegram he says: It is probable, but not certain, that I will resign the chairmanship of the executive committee on the 29th,

Since Quay is about to resign the chairmanship of the National Republican committee, we move that ex-Commissioner John Henderson, of our county, be elected in Quay's place.

This motion is seconded by J. Irvine Morris, Republican, of Milesburg.

The 1891 crop situation in this state we put as follows:

Cherry and berry crop large.

Hay and wheat crop large.

Oats, rye, corn and potatoes, large

Apples and peaches, large.

Democratic majority, in November, large.

There is a vast amount of cunning and experiment in Quay's assertion that he will resign the chairmanship. It is a resignation with a string to it. It is a feeder—an offset to the anti-Quay movement and if, in his own eyes, and that of his colleagues it fails of its object we may then and not before, feel reasonably sure that this prince of corruptionists will no longer hold the reins.

The works at Steelton were closed on Tuesday. The Pennsylvania steel company has anticipated the plans of the Amalgamated association and prevented a strike involving upward of 4,000 men by closing down its entire plant. Orders for a general suspension of operations was given by superintendent Felton and to-day will find a mere handful of men at work. Both sides are firm and a bitter struggle for supremacy will probably ensue.

While the people may not vote to call a constitutional convention, yet delegates will have to be elected for one, all the same, next November. None but level headed men should be selected for the important position, men devoted to the general good, and who favor purity in politics. Among others, in our county, we might name D. F. Fortney as a proper person for constitutional delegate, as his record fills the bill, and we know he would be a useful man in such a body.

The *Patriot* very fittingly remarks that the rogues who tried to bleed John Bardsley or to profit with him in his speculations of state funds are now using every effort to discredit his veracity so that their names may be kept from suspicion. The crimes of some of them, so far as the intent if not the accomplishment was concerned, were as great as Bardsley's, and their respectability now only consists in the fact that they were not caught.

Auditor General McCamant should promptly explain what service he performed for Bardsley that induced his gift of $6,144. Was it the consideration for his non-compliance with the law requiring quarterly settlements, whereby Bardsley & Co. were allowed to have the use of $1,500,000 that should have been paid into the State treasury? It has a look that way. To be sure the State is a big loser, but what of that?

"William Livsey, state treasurer, for his kindness to me (Bardsley) during the year, $500," is another indorsement on the stub of Bardsley's check book reported by the experts. It pays to be a kind man.

State Treasurer Boyer has been treated most shamefully, if he failed to receive from the appreciative Barbsley a much more substantial acknowledgment than his predecessor in office. The Philadelphia papers charge Boyer with having paid over to Barbsley half a million dollars from the school fund allotted to Philadelphia, at the same time he had knowledge Bardsley was in arrears over a million dollars in paying overdue taxes into the State treasury. We question if Mr. Livsey's "kindness" ever went to this extent.

Decision Affecting Local Officers.

As applicable to all boro and township officers, we copy from an opinion delivered a few days ago, by Judge Metzgar, in order to show that local officers are individually responsible for unauthorized expenditures; we have frequently called the attention of officers to this fact.

On 18th inst., in the court of common pleas, of Lycoming county, Judge Metzger filed the following opinion and decree in the case of the appeal of Jacob S. Smith from the settlement of the auditors of Jackson township, and it goes to show that auditors even, have no right to pass such bills. Extract from the decree of the court:

"The questions are simple and ought not to be difficult to determine. The only difficulty that we have found is to reconcile our views of justice in this case with the principles of law involved. We cannot doubt that the supervisors paid out in good faith the moneys with which it is sought to charge them, but the payments were made contrary to and without authority of law. Hard as it may seem that they should be charged with moneys honestly expended by them yet, having been expended without legal authority, we are obliged to hold them liable. They cannot legally expend money to lay out and vacate roads, nor can they employ and pay counsel for such purpose. Neither can they borrow money for township purposes, except in case of absolute necessity where an authority might be implied. It is equally clear that, notwithstanding the custom so to do, the supervisors could not recover greater pay than that allowed by statute at the time of their election. The constitutional provision on this subject is too plain to be overruled by custom. It is to be regretted that we cannot comply with the request made by petition of a large number of taxpayers of the township who desire the supervisors to have the increased pay. But we cannot, even at their request, set aside a plain mandate of the constitution. We are sorry to find this case in court, for it appears to be against the wishes of a large number of the taxpayers of the township. It is, however, now before us, and we must determine it according to law, regardless of consequences."

As Campbell Sees It.

Last week Gov. Campbell was renominated, on first ballot, by the Ohio Democracy.

Governor Campbell states, in an interview on the political outlook in Ohio, that he believes he will run up to his ticket in Hamilton county and that 95 per cent. of the Democrats who opposed him will drop into line by election day

"The silver plank," he says, practically means free coinage, but then, unlike the tariff plank, it was not adopted by the unanimous and non-dissenting vote of the convention. It was adopted by a vote of about four to three, which I think, actually represents the sentiments of the Democratic party. I think there can be no doubt the entire party favors bi-metallism and a liberal coinage of silver so as to produce a comparative parity of values between the two metals.

"I am free to say that all silver legislation is experimental, and that its actual effect must be shown only by experience. There exists a demand for free coinage, and the doctrinaries cry out that unlimited coinage means ruin, but the alarmists are not to be trusted, no matter at which end of the line they stand. I am willing to chance free coinage. I believe there is a disposition of this question which will satisfy 75 per cent. of the people, and the only way to reach it is by discussion and experiment. If I were to offer any criticism on this part of the platform it would be that it declares in favor of unlimited coinage of both native and foreign silver. I believe it would have been better to have restricted the coinage to native silver. That would have been far enough to go at present."

"But really this question will not enter largely into the campaign. The people will want to hear something of the silver question, but after the canvass is two weeks old you will hear almost nothing outside of the tariff. If some great silver man had been nominated on the Republican ticket, then the silver question would be discussed, but Maj. McKinley stands for protection, is the great champion of the system, and that issue will crowd all others to the wall."

Be a Man.

An exchange thus advises its delinquent subscribers: "Be a man! Some men take a newspaper for four or five years without paying for it, and then when a bill is presented they get mad and say, "the paper is no good anyhow. There's nothing in it." If you don't like a newspaper, pay up and stop it. Don't sponge on the editor for several years and then abuse him when he wants his pay. Be a man.

Some of the Republican leaders want to "Club" Dan Hastings.

McCamant Got No Money.

Auditor General McCamant was asked Thursday evening whether he had anything further to say regarding the report of the experts who investigated ex-City Treasurer Bardsley's accounts, and connected his name with them as having shared in the rebates on advertising. He reiterated his emphatic denial of the morning, and said he could not make it more explicit. For the present, he said, that must suffice, but he might have something to say later on. He would not affirm or deny that the money paid in his name had been used as a campaign fund, but he declined to discuss this or any other rumor at this time.

Wanamaker says he got none of the boodle.

McCamant says he got none.

Bardsley thinks he didn't do any wrong, only what has been done in Philadelphia by the bosses for twenty-five years,—and so they all say. However, somebody stole over a million dollars.

The stench of the astounding corruption that comes up from Philadelphia, is making people everywhere hold their breath. What we now read of the Bardsley thefts is simply an old game played in Philadelphia for many years, by the machine politicians and kept hid. These Philadelphia practices have spread into many of the counties. We must have our politics purified. It is time the people become alarmed.

Take our own county and see how the campaigns have been run in the past few years—candidates bled to the bone and what done with the money? We are told that one candidate for a county office alleged he was bled to the tune of $700. That sum alone is more than enough to properly run a campaign. We know that such funds are not properly expended, and candidates can't see where the money goes to. We want no more hog campaigns. Both political parties are guilty of these abuses. Let the people demand decent politics.

To Kill Canada Thistles.

The best way to kill Canada thistles, is to let them grow until they blossom, then cut them off above the surface of the ground, the stalk will then be hollow, the water or rain will drop into the hollow stalk and cause it to rot so they will not sprout again. If they are cut off with a hoe or plow, below the surface of the ground, the earth will close over them which will cause two sprouts to grow, instead of one before.

It is claimed that the above is the best way. The most effective method, is to pour a thimble full of crude petroleum or refined carbon oil into each hollow stalk or root, which is sure to kill. E. C. Humes has tried the latter method which was attended with remarkable success.

Republican Convention.

The republican county chairman, Mr. J. M. Dale, has issued a call for a county convention to be held on Tuesday, August 4th, at 11 a. m. The delegate elections will be held on Saturday, the 1st. The nomination of a candidate for jury commissioner, the election of two delegates to the State convention at Harrisburg on the 19th of August, and the choice of three conferees to praticipate in the district conference which will select two candidates for delegates to a proposed constitutional convention are duties which will come before the convention.

Growing In Popularty.

The 18th annual picnic and exhibition of the Patrons of Husbandry of Central Pennsylvania will be held in Grange Park, at Centre Hall, Centre county, Pa., the week of the 14th to 20th of September. This popular gathering and encampment was attended last year by over 20,000 people, and the indications already are that it will be much larger this year, as upward of 100 tents are already engaged and every week brings in new orders.

Putting In the Pews.

The pews for the Presbyterian church arrived last Friday from the manufactory. They are circular in form and of antique oak finish and will be cushioned. A man was sent from the factory to put them in place. The main audience room has been carpeted and when the pews are in position the room will be ready for services.

A Bug Destroyer.

Don't kill a toad yourself, nor allow your children to do so. They are perfectly harmless and of incalculable value as a bug and worm destroyer. The more of them you have in your garden the better.

A Rolling Stone

Gathers no moss; neither does the dust light on the Philad. Branch's new stock of clothing for spring and summer, as customers keep it moving at figures which captivate all.

Train Wrecked by a Cow.

As the early morning train from Lock Haven to Tyrone was nearing Howard on Wednesday morning, the engineer saw a cow lying down in the middle of the track. The train was running at a fast rate of speed and it was impossible to stop and when the engine struck the cow, the engine was thrown from the track down over an embankment. The wreck occurred on a curve about a mile below Howard near the rolling mills. The tender followed the engine and the front car left the track. The engineer, Frank Woods, was found pinned fast under the tender and when rescued did not seem seriously injured, but he lived only an hour and a half. The fireman and express agent were badly injured and were removed to Howard, but will recover. There were quite a number of passengers on the train, and had the cars gone a rod farther they would have been precipitated down the embankment. A delay of seven hours was caused to traffic.

Game Law of 1891.

Under the laws of Pennsylvania the time for killing game and taking fish is as follows.

Woodcock July 4 to January 1; quail or Virginia partridge, Nov. 1 to December 15; ruffled grouse, commonly called pheasant, or pinnated grouse, commonly called prairie chicken, October 1 to January 1; rail bird or reed bird, September 1 to December 1; elk, wild deer or antelope, October 1 to December 16; gray, black or fox squirrel, September 1 to January 1; hare commonly called rabbit November 1 to January 1; wild turkey October 15 to January 1; wild fowl, September 1 to May 1 upland or grass plower, July 15 to January 1; sea salmon, April 1 to August 1; spreckled trout April 15 to July 15; lake trout, January 1 to September 30. German crap, September 1 to May 1; black bass, green bass, yellow bass, willow bass, rock bass, Lake Erie or green bass, May 30 to January 1; pike or pickerel, June 1 to January 1; shad December 31 to June, 20; Susquehanna salmon, May 30 to January 1.

A Grasshopper Job.

Our farmer friend, Mr. Reish, this side of Centre Hill had twenty acres of wheat lying in the sheaf, bound by a binder. Before it was shocked the grasshoppers ate the twine of one half the sheaves, and they had to be rebound. If any one wants to know what grasshoppers are good for, this circumstance may make it clear to him—they know how to unbind sheaves, and if the critters could do the other, bind sheaves as well, they would no doubt pass examination. There shoud be a law to fine grasshoppers $2.00 for chawing the twine from sheaves.

One of Them.

Among one of the 107 names added to the list of the anti-Quay movement in Philadelphia, is the name of Prof. H. F. Bitner, professor at the Millersville State Normal, and now visiting in town. The Prof. has always been known as a Republican of the stiffest form, but evidently cannot stand Quay any longer.

Presbyterian Lunch Tent.

The Presbyterian Aid Society wish to make it known to the public that they will have a Lunch tent on Grange Park, during the picnic, in September. They have secured a large tent and will be prepared to accommodate all who come. Proceeds for the benefit of the Presbyterian church in Centre Hall.

Teachers Selected.

At the last meeting of the school board, the teachers selected for the Centre Hall schools, for the coming winter term, were the same as last year, namely: Prof. Rothrock, John Dauberman and Miss Maggie Hanna.

Did Well.

On account of the inclemency of the weather on Saturday evening, the festival of the Ladies' Aid society, of the Reformed church, was not held in the grove, but above Harper & Kreamer's store. The ladies cleared about fifty dollars in their efforts.

Decrease in Daylight.

During the month of July the days will decrease in this latitude, according to astronomical time, forty minutes—twenty-three in the morning, seventeen in the evening.

——While unloading hay in the barn, on Wednesday, D. J. Meyer made a narrow escape from what would have proven serious. The harpoon hayfork got loose and fell down passing within 3 or 4 inches of his head, points downward.

—— A full line of spring clothing has been received at the Philad. Branch, Bellefonte, and can be purchased at very low prices. One of the best cutters is in the employ of Lewins and a perfect fit guaranteed.

——Durst's new steam thresher works to perfection.

BY THE WAY.

That toothsome, luscious fruit, the watermelon, is with us once again. In consequence we shall, no doubt, be warned of its unwholesomeness by those divine creatures, pitifully called croakers and wiseacres. A melon is principally water in its composition while the concomitants are readily digestible. A properly ripened watermelon has nothing in it in any way deleterious and can be eaten by the majority not only with impunity, but with positive benefit. It is possible that watermelons, like almost any other fruit, are hurtful to some persons, but the percentage is small and the fact in no way demonstrates that the fruit should be ostracized from the list of summer delicacies. If all the admonitions and warnings were heeded which are so cheerfully given by those whose theories transcend common sense the world would have to go half-starved and then be dreadfully uncertain that it was doing the proper thing.

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The tide against silks, satins and laces as materials for children's clothing is evidence of good common sense and a hopeful sign of the times. The wealthiest and wisest women dress their children now with a view to comfort and with a consideration for their physical development. The babies at 5 who quote Shakespeare, discuss the positive and negative of electricity and are looking for microbes are no longer the fashionable fad, and it is those children that are dressed in clothes which they can afford to get dirty in and are allowed to delve in the sand heaps and loam of the back yard and to drink in the joys of the health-giving sun and fresh air who bid fair to become healthy, wealthy and wise.

A boy or girl whose clothes are too expensive to be soiled and which fit like a bandage will seldom fail to develop into a prig—and before matured, to be literally stupified with nostrums to alleviate the pangs of disease which the lack of discretion in clothes implanted.

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Did you ever come to consider how incompetent the persons generally are whom you hire to prune your trees and vines? Are they not almost invariably the most ignorant, illiterate men in the vicinity? It is indeed laughable what absurdities and thoughtless inconsistency are practiced by the average man in small matters. Only the other day I heard a man who is above ordinary intelligence ask another decidedly his inferior in "book larnin" and as a reasoner, to do some pruning to his fruit trees and grape vines, at the same time declaring his own ignorance and incapacity for the undertaking. I could not help smiling at the absurdity thus displayed.

Had he only stopped for a moment to think, he would have seen how utterly impossible it was for the man whom he engaged to do the pruning with any degree of obeidience to the scientific laws which govern the craft. Aside from his physical ability and knowledge of the fallacies of the "old moon," "full moon," and endless other grotesque superstitions the alleged pruner was utterly incapable for the work. Yet, no doubt, the pruner was paid without murmer and the person who engaged him satisfied that the delicate work had been done rightly—and if in time to come the vines and trees, so recklessly treated, refuse to thrive, the thought that the fault lies in the pruning will never enter his head.

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A BACHELOR'S VIEWS.

A pipe, a book,
A cosy nook,
A fire—at least its embers—
A dog, a glass—
'Tis thus we pass
Such hours as one remembers.

Who'd wish to wed?
Poor Cupid's dead
These thousand years, I wager.
The modern maid
Is but a jade
Not worth the time to cage her.

In silken gown
To "take" the town
Her first and last ambition.
What good is she
To you or me
Who have but a "position?"

So let us drink
To her—but think
Of him who has to keep her,
And sans a wife
Let's spend our life
In bachelordom—it's cheaper.

Tom Hall.

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Mrs. Lillie B. Chase Wyman, a resident of cultured Boston, entertains serious apprehensions for the future of the human race. She says: "It is a tremendous fact in our modern civilization that so many young women are taking university educations, and come out to devote themselves to still further study and thought. While the young men who graduate go largely into business. What the effect will be on our marriage remains to be seen."

I can see no reason for Mrs. Wyman being at all alarmed at this "tremendous fact." The percentage of young women who today are seeking higher education may be in excess of times gone by. But I do not think the institution of marriage need tremble. Marriage is like the church in that its existence depends more upon the quality than upon the number of its supporters. As a result of the growing tendency the number of those at 18 and under who rush headlong into matrimony and hate each other all their lives will be unquestionably diminished and I venture the assertion that our nefarious divorce courts will be a loser.

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The means that have been devised to draw the sinner within the folds of the church and to prepare him for a triumphal entrance through the "pearly gates" are multifarious and the results, as a whole, glorious.

But it strikes me that a long sermon—a 55 minute one, for instance, such as we suffered a few days ago—will do more in the way of alienating a hearer from the cause than in making him the more enthusiastic in it. No public speaker who is wearisome is persuasive and a preacher who displays inability to properly master his subject by a 30 minute discourse and attempts to do so, to the perceptible agony of his audience, by an extra 20 minutes or more, stands in about the same relation to his text as did an honest but not too brilliant juryman to the case before the court, a year or so ago, at Bellefonte. The counsel on both sides had finished their pleas. Eloquence and oratory, persuasive but teeming with technicalities, flowed like water but lacked its clearness, and just as the judge was about to render his charge, the juryman, in his ignorance, broke forth and said beseechingly, "Judge, will you please tell me what this case is about?"

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A DECLARATION OF LOVE.

"Fee simple and a simple fee
And all the fees in tail,
Are nothing when compared to thee,
Thou best of fees—female."

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Henry Labauchere, editor of the London Truth, concerning bad handwriting, sensibly remarks: "I write a detestable hand. But I would advise those who do not even make an elligible scrawl for their signature to adopt my plan. It is to have it printed with my address at the top of my letters." A letter whose body can be read only with much difficulty and signature with still more deserves no better recognition than consignment to the waste basket. Bad handwriting, while it is very provoking and impolite, is very often largely owing to carelessness and uncouthness.

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Parsons, a lawyer in Chicago, was trying a case before a jury, being counsel for the prisoner. The judge was very hard on him, and the jury brought in a verdict of guilty. Parsons moved for a new trial. The judge denied his motion and remarked, "The court and jury think the prisoner a knave and a fool." Instantly the counsel replied, "The prisoner wishes me to say he is perfectly satisfied. He has been tried by a court and jury of his peers!"

LOUNGER.

To our Subscribers.

The special announcement which appeared in our columns some time since, announcing a special arrangement with Dr. B. J. Kendall Co., of Enosburgh Falls, Vt., publishers of "A Treatise on the Horse and his Diseases" whereby our subscribers were enabled to obtain a copy of that valuable work free by sending their address to B. J. Kendall Co., (and enclosing a two-cent stampt for mailing same) is renewed for a limited period. We trust all will avail themselves of the opportunity of obtaining this valuable work. To every lover of the horse it is indispensable, as it treats in a simple manner all the diseases which afflict this noble animal. Its phenomenal sale throughout the United States and Canada, makes it standard authority. Mention this paper when sending for "Treatise." july 16.

——There is a howling difference between having plenty of rocks and feeling "rocky."

——Town is unusually dry this week. The farmers are all busy harvesting their crops.

——Read in another column how farmer and bank president Humes kills Canada thistles.

——Saturday had a soaking rain, and it is making the corn and oats boom right along.

——Mr. William Eisenberg, who attends the Altoona Business College, is visiting his brother, Rev. Eisenberg.

——Mr. W. W. Bayard arrived Wednesday, from Washington, D. C., and will spend several weeks in this vicinity.

——Dr. J. R. Gast, of Mifflinburg, the eye specialist, will be in Lemont, on Monday next, 27th; Boalsburg, on Tuesday, 28th; Centre Hall, on Wednesday, 29th; and Spring Mills, on Thursday, 30th.

——Our whilom townsman, J. B. Solt, of Chester county, was in this valley this week, on business. He is engaged in a fence machine manufactory, and looks in the best of health.

A GOLDEN THREAD.

One day last week I, an uninvited guest, attended an early morning concert at which I longed to have even one of my readers present. "How impolite!" I hear some one exclaim, who hourly makes obeisance to the great god of Fashion called "Etiquette." Yes, horribly impolite I grant, but I do not believe that the songsters had the slightest knowledge of my presence, and if they did I do not think they cared; nay more, I believe that their little breasts throbbed with joy to think that they were filling the cup of pleasure to the very brim for one poor, weary mortal.

It was at an early, very early hour. The first streaks of dawn were scarcely visible on the eastern horizon, and the old fashioned clock below, in the hall of the country house where I was staying, had just chimed the quarter after four when I became conscious of a gentle rustling sound in the trees on the lawn before my windows. It was as if a light wind had swept through the branches; then all was silent as before. Only a few seconds passed and there came a faint timid note as if the owner thereof was not quite sure of his ground, then followed in rapid succession several notes which were taken up and repeated from side to side, and gradually swelled in volumn till the whole air was replete with the sweetest, most musical sounds to which I had ever listened. It was magnificent, grand, and beyond all comparison.

How long I lay listening to this heavenly choir I cannot tell. All my cares and anxieties seemed to float off and become lost in space, while these tiny songsters sang to me of the loving Father's tender care. At last I arose and seating myself at the open window, that I might better listen to this most glorious of all anthems, I could not help but think how careless and ungrateful we were for the manifold blessings bestowed upon us; how we went through life with our eyes closed to the beauties of nature and its many subtile influences; seeking not the numerous avenues on every side purposely placed in our way to help us find "the pearl of great price," but eagerly striving to accumulate that which will seemingly give us a higher position than the one we now occupy in the world of letters or of fashion. Always striving to surpass our neighbors and friends in wealth, dress, arrangement of our homes, or in intellectual pursuits; so intent upon our advancement in these minor points that we fail to hear the sweet, simple words uttered in the long ago, but just as full of promise to us now, as to those to whom they were first spoken.

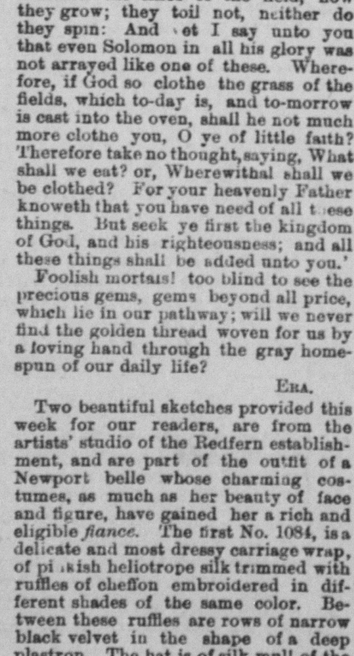
"Therefore I say unto you, "Take no thought of your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for the body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body more than rainment? Behold the fowls of the air; for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they? And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: And yet I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the fields, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith? Therefore take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed? For your heavenly Father knoweth that you have need of all these things. But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you.'

Foolish mortals! too blind to see the precious gems, gems beyond all price, which lie in our pathway; will we never find the golden thread woven for us by a loving hand through the gray homespun of our daily life?

ERA.

Two beautiful sketches provided this week for our readers, are from the artists' studio of the Redfern establishment, and are part of the outfit of a Newport belle whose charming costumes, as much as her beauty of face and figure, have gained her a rich and eligible *fiance*. The first No. 1084, is a delicate and most dressy carriage wrap, of pinkish heliotrope silk trimmed with ruffles of chiffon embroidered in different shades of the same color. Between these ruffles are rows of narrow black velvet in the shape of a deep plastron. The hat is of silk mull of the same hue with black velvet loops and a velvet orchid at the back. Parasol matches the wrap in material and trimming.

The other model No. 1085, is a (house dress) of coral pink China silk almost veiled with black lace and finished with deep, black velvet cuffs and velvet ribbon trimming. The fan is of



No. 1084.

No. 1085.

black gauze painted with pink flowers and gold butterflies.

No. 1086, is one of the new cheviots, so fine and thin that it is almost transparent. It is a pearl grey ground brocaded with shell pink, and is made up over a skirt of changeable silk in darker shades. This is trimmed with a double row of jewelled passementerie, the plastron is of the silk, decorated to

No. 1086

match, and the cloth draped below, and caught with buckles under each shoulder. The sleeves are of pale pink silk mousseline, banded below the elbow with the changeable silk. The pancake hat is of pink crepon, with a pleated brim of silver grey lace, and ostrich tips in the two shades.

No. 1087.

No. 1087. This costume is also grey, but the material is India lawn, and the trimming is hand wrought embroidery in an open lace pattern which shows the pale green silk lining beneath. The waist is in the fancy blouse order, and is worn with a belt.

No. 1088. DRESS FOR A GIRL ELEVEN YEARS OLD.—This pretty costume is composed of cream-colored challi with blue figures, blue surah silk, and biscuit-colored embroidery. The full skirt opens "en redingote" over a front of embroidery, while the corsage is terminated by a scarf-like girdle of surah, falling in two long fringed tabs upon the left side. The back and front of the corsage open on a centre of embroidery supported on the lining, the front being closed on the left side under the folds of surah. Double bias folds of surah form bretelles on each side of the embroidered centre, and are slightly pulled across the shoulders, terminating in the back at the top of the arm-holes. Full sleeves finished at the bottom by a pleated ruffle of surah, and cuffs of embroidery. Straight collar of embroidery.

No. 1088

No. 1089. DRESS FOR A GIRL THIRTEEN YEARS OLD.—A striped deep blue, wool goods, shaded to white, and combined with blue bengaline is used for this elegant costume. Plain skirt of the wool goods cut on the bias; back of the bodice of the same, but used straightway of the cloth. Front of the bodice composed of bias folds of the striped material open in V shape at the neck.

Side bodies and basque of plain bengaline, with pocket laps of the striped goods. Flat collar of cream embroidery and a narrow edge of the same ornamenting the front and back edge of the side bodies. Puffed sleeves of bengaline held at the elbow by a band of the dress goods; lower part of the sleeve plain and finished with a cuff of the striped goods. Belt pointed in front and crossed in the back with tab ends.

No. 1089.

DRESS FOR A BOY FIVE YEARS OLD. No. 1900, shows a frock made of blue bengaline trimmed with white guipure and points of embroidery in blue silk. The body of the garment is of blue bengaline made double breasted and ornamented with a double row of buttons; it is finished by a flounce of guipure over a little skirt of the silk. This flounce is finished at the top by a pointed band of guipure. Large rolling collar in bengaline edged with pointed guipure; full sleeves with wristbands of the same points.

No. 1091. BOY'S BLOUSE. — This blouse for a boy eight years old is of fine, light-gray flannel. It has a plastron of blue silk which is fastened to the blouse by buttons on the under edges; the lower edge of the blouse has a rubber draw-string which confines it at the waist. The sleeves are full with broad wrist-bands. The rolling collar, band of the plastron, wristbands, fronts of the blouse, and the pocket laps on each side are ornamented with an embroidery of blue braid. A blue silk cord passes beneath the collar and is knotted in front over the plastron.

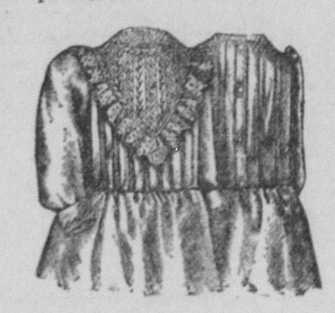
No. 1092. CHILD'S FROCK.—This little white pique frock has a box-pleated waist and a straight skirt trimmed with embroidery. The skirt is sixty inches wide and ten inches long without the

No. 1090.

No. 1091

trimming. It is edged with a frill of embroidery headed by insertion and several rows of feather stitching. The top is gathered and sewed to the lower edge of the waist with a narrow facing which is turned up on the wrong side. The yoke is made of alternate bands of embroidery, and bands of pique which are ornamented with feather-stitching; a band of pique with this feather-stitching joins the frill of embroidery, with which the yoke is finished, to the yoke. A similar band, but narrower finishes the neck. Full sleeves with narrow wristbands ornamented with feather-stitching.

No. 1093 SUMMER CLOAKS FOR LITTLE GIRLS.—Coat in plaid Cheviot, with cape over sleeves, and pleated epaulettes. The pointed facings on the front are cut on the bias as is also the pointed belt.



No. 1092.

No. 1094. The second cloak is of brown *vicuna* cloth striped with blue. Around the wrists, the pendant sleeves and above the hem of the skirt is placed a band of embroidery. Collar of the same material and sash of Ottoman ribbon, knotted in front with long loops and ends.

NO. 1093. No. 1094

No. 1095. CHILD'S APRON.—This neat model is made of cream-colored batiste; the bottom of the skirt is finished with a broad hem and an edge of embroidery, and the top is gatherd and joined to the waist under a narrow band of feather-stitching.

The front of the plain waist is ornamented with a V shaped piece of open-worked embroidery finished at the upper edge with a narrow edge to match; this front is bordered with bretelles of the same embroidery, with an edge matching that on the skirt. Bows of blue ribbon ornament the shoulders.

A PAPER advertises for "girls for cooking."

THERE are only two words in the English language which contain all the vowels in their order. They are "abstemious" and "facetious."

AMONG the anomalies reported concerning the past winter is that the weather in Iceland was the mildest remembered. There was not, we are told, a flake of snow, nor a single hour of frost.

A new spool factory in the town of Alpena, Mich., turns out 80,000 spools daily Last year the twenty-three mills in the town put out 202 000 000 feet of lumber, 52,000,000 laths and 33,000,000 shingles.

QUEER ILLUSIONS.

Something of Interest Concerning a Peculiar Malady.

Startling and Singular Forms of Insanity Developed in People Otherwise Apparently Sane—It Is Hard to Detect and Difficult to Cure

Not long ago an old man, looking like a rich, retired merchant or banker, walked into the office of one of the foremost publishing houses of New York and asked to see the head of the firm. That gentleman recognized his caller as a man who twenty years ago had been the junior member of a great Wall street firm. He also remembered that the senior member had been one of Lincoln's most trusted advisers in financial matters. The ex-banker said: "You will remember that my partner, who died about six months ago, was very prominent during the civil war. Everyone in New York knows that Lincoln many times followed his counsel. Now, I have in my possession papers and memoranda showing how very much Lincoln was indebted to him. This information is of a deeply interesting, and, I might say, of a startling character. I thought, perhaps, we might make some arrangement to write a memoir. I feel certain that it would pay, besides being a fair tribute to my friend and throwing much light on history.

The ex-banker went on to tell that he had proof that his partner drew the original draft of the emancipation proclamation, besides doing many other things of vital importance. The publisher was delighted, and made arrangements for a writer to call at the ex-banker's house on a certain day and begin work. The publisher talked with the ex-banker for an hour or more, and they separated, equally well pleased. At the appointed time the writer called and began to discuss the forthcoming book. After some time the ex-banker said:

"There is one thing I have not yet told you, and it is the most important of all." His voice sank to a mysterious whisper: "My partner assassinated Mr. Lincoln."

"No," said the writer, drawing back and looking at the ex-banker in an astonished way

"Yes," said the ex-banker, "he killed him." And then he proceeded to relate a wild and rambling story. The writer questioned him, and was soon satisfied that he was stark mad. On all other subjects he was perfectly sane. On this one of his partner's connection with the Lincoln administration he was insane.

Instances of this kind are not uncommon, and yet it is a form of insanity that is almost incurable, and is liable to become dangerous at any time. It was this form of mania that possessed Dougherty who murdered Dr. Lloyd. Generally, however, it is content with manufacturing a great hoax and stirring up an excitement.

A few years ago the police of Newark had an experience of this kind, about which they decline to talk even yet. One day a man of respectable appearance walked into police headquarters at Newark and said: "I am a dry goods merchant from Chicago. I was passing through here and stopped off at the station. I had a valise with twenty-seven thousand dollars in bills in it. I left the valise on a seat in the waiting room while I stepped out for a moment. When I came back it was gone. I am fortunately not entirely without money, as I happened to have a few hundred dollars in my pocket."

The police were at first inclined to doubt, but when the man told of two men who had followed him from Chicago and acted suspiciously, the chief was interested. He ordered diligent search for the robbers. Circumstances came up which verified the man's story, and the result was a great hue and cry. The man went to a hotel to await developments. He spent his own money freely, and encouraged the police in every way. Several days passed. The story and the descriptions of the supposed robbers were telegraphed all over the country. Would-be detectives in small towns made arrests. The newspapers were full of it and the mystery grew each day. Finally the man from Chicago took one of the detectives aside and said to him

"Perhaps I should have explained the feature of this case sooner. It may have an important bearing. The fact is I am Jesus Christ. I think these robbers may have been the devil in disguise."

The detectives stared at him and then called in other detectives, who put the man under arrest. At first it was thought that the loss of the money had turned his head. But it at last came out that aside from the fact that he was a Chicago merchant the story was false in every particular. The police were enraged, and locked the hoaxer in an asylum as soon as possible. They still remember the great laugh that arose all over the country.

Inspector Byrnes tells a story of the same nature. A merchant who lives here and is reputed as sane as anyone could be came to him one day and said that his wife was being annoyed by annonymous letters from a woman who was trying to blackmail him. He went on to tell all about the contents of the letters, and the inspector began to feel greatly interested in the case, which he realized was difficult. At length he said:

"I can see only one way. We must bring this woman face to face with your wife."

"No, no," said the merchant, "that would never do. You see my wife is a wonderful woman. She can read people's thoughts. She can look right into my mind and see what is going on there. All she has to do is to take hold of my great toe. Then she reads my thoughts."

The inspector caught on at once and remarked that this was a strong objection. He got rid of the man as soon as possible and never saw him again. As he is still doing business, it is supposed that he keeps his craze to himself and carefully guards his feet from his wife

One day a man rushed into police headquarters much excited. He was deaf and dumb. He seemed almost prostrated with terror. After they had calmed him a little, he explained that he had been robbed of four thousand dollars by some men, who had thrown him down and nearly choked him to death. The inspector had a searching examination made, and after a day or two proved conclusively by the man's friends that he had not been robbed, and that he was not even deaf and dumb. The inspector was not pleased at having this sort of a trick played upon him. So he sat the man down in a chair and engaged him in conversation. One of the detective sergeants slipped up behind him and jabbed a pin into his back about two inches. The deaf and dumb man rose straight up and yelled:

"Great God, Inspector, what was that?"

"That," said the inspector, "is my cure for dumbness. Git!"

He was gone, and seems to have been permanently cured.

Captain Reilly tells of a man who called on him a short time ago with an odd complaint. He was a quiet, gentlemanly person, well advanced in years. He said: "I am much troubled with large steamboats plowing up and down near my house at night. They make a great whistling and blowing, and I cannot sleep for them."

Captain Reilly supposed the man lived near the water front, and said:

"Where is your home?"

"I live on Seventeenth street, tween Seventh and Eighth avenues," said he. "The steamboats go up and down Seventeenth street. It is very annoying."

"It must be," said Captain Reilly. "I'll have it stopped."

The next day he sent around and told the man that he had had the steamboats stopped. A few days afterward the man called and thanked him. "They have stopped entirely," said he, "and I can never repay you."

"That's all right," said the police officer. "Seventeenth street is not a water thoroughfare and we never could allow it. You will not be disturbed any more."

Dr. Douglas, of the insane board at the Bellevue hospital, says that these cases are generally difficult to detect. A few days ago a young German woman was brought to the asylum to be examined as to her sanity. They watched her night and day for five days, and she neither said nor did anything out of the way. The sixth day she told the nurse confidentially that God had appeared to her in a vision, and had told her to go and marry a certain white-haired old man who would meet her in a certain place. She complained bitterly of the hardness of a lot which would compel her to waste her youthful charms, but she said she must do as the Lord bade her.—N. Y. Sun.

A Short Editorial.

An Anglo-Indian editor once relieved his feelings and increased his circulation thus: Somewhere in the forties there was a paper called the Mofussilite. The great ecclesiastical dispute, Gorham *versus* the Bishop of Exeter, was at that time occupying men's minds and filling the columns of the newspapers at home; and though a very absorbing topic in England, it had but faint interest for Anglo-Indians. There was then no telegraph to India, and only a monthly mail to keep in touch with Europe. Any curtailment of the supply of suitable news by such a controversy was, therefore, rather a serious matter, and it was no easy thing to make a presentable appearance. The infliction was borne in silence for some time; but when, at length, after months had gone by, and the stream of dreary disputation continued, the editor could bear it no longer. He indited, perhaps, the shortest leader that ever was written; but that leader told the whole story of his woes. It consisted only of four words, and those words were: "D—— the Gorman Case." The effect on the public was wonderful. The paper sold like wild-fire, and its circulation was permanently increased by at least twenty per cent.

Unlucky Room No. 13.

"Yes," said a hotel clerk, "we have a room numbered thirteen in this house. There are plenty of people who don't care whether their room is thirteen or thirty, but we have frequently had travelers refuse to sleep in this room. If they happen to get in there without noticing it they will ask to be changed on some pretext or other, usually alleging anything but the truth. We have got so, however, that we understand this feeling, and often ask a man if he has any objection to thirteen before we assign him the room. Men, as a rule, are not superstitious, but when they are accompanied by ladies they are usually governed by the superstition of their companion. I never saw a woman take thirteen in this house if her attention was called to it, or who would keep it as soon as she found out the number. Some hotels get around this foolish superstition by skipping that number, or using the room as an ante-chamber to some other one."

Those who are truly married are neither masters or servants. The idea of obedience is lost in the desire for the happiness of each. Love is not a convict, to be detained with bolts and chains. Love is the highest expression of liberty. Love neither commands nor obeys.

Selfishness may be said to be at the root of most of the sin of this world, but vanity is a form of selfishness that does an intolerable amount of harm, and usually works woe to all who come in contact with it, as well as eventually to its possessor, undermining character, till the whole being is like those timbers that, perforated and honey-combed by decay, suddenly one day fall in powder.—*Chicago Saturday Herald.*

HIGH-WAY AND BY-WAY.

Said Bouncing Bet to Black-eyed Sue:
"Oh, leave your stupid meadow, do,
And just for once try my way:
Pull up your roots, dear, every one,
And plant yourself as I have done,
Along the busy highway.

"You see life here! and more than that,
You're seen yourself. It must be flat,
Beyond all computation,
To grow unnoticed hour by hour—
One might as well not be a flower—
As win no admiration!"

But black eyed Susan answered back
That: as she'd never felt the lack
And all her tastes were suited
With birds and butterflies and bees,
And other such simplicities,
She'd stay where she was rooted.

Now listen, children, while I tell
The fate that Bouncing Bet befell,
By highways dry and dusty;
While meadow-blossoms still were bright,
Her pinky bloom had faded white,
Her leaves were brown and rusty.

And people passed her where she grew,
And went to look for Black-eyed Sue
As might have been expected;
Her yellow blossoms in a vase
Won everybody's smiling praise—
And poor Bet drooped neglected!

[*St. Nicholas.*

WHY BEES MAKE HONEY.

It is really a lovely garden. Never were there whiter lilies, nor bluer violets, nor more interesting pansies.

But it needs something. I think it is bees.

For bees are so picturesque! And then the hives!—the hives are as picturesque as the bees themselves. Apple trees without beehives under them are as forlorn as lilies without bees over them.

So we bought some beautiful hives, and placed them in the orchard, just on the edge of the garden. Soon they began to fill with delicious honey in dear little white cells; but the bees were nowhere to be seen. Every morning they disappeared, flying far out of sight, and the lilies and roses were as forlorn as ever. We had the credit of having bees, for every one could see the hives and taste the honey; but we did not have the bees.

So one morning I went out and talked to them about it.

"Dear Bees," I said, "what is it that you miss in the garden? Every morning you fly away; but where can you find whiter lilies, or bluer violets or more interesting pansies?"

"We are not looking for whiteness, or blueness, or interestingness," the bees explained. "We are looking for honey; and the honey is better in the cloverfield that is only a mile away."

"Oh! if that is all," I exclaimed gladly, "Pray don't have the honey on your minds—"

"We don't," they said. "We carry it in little bags."

"I mean don't mind about the honey—"

"Certainly not; how could we, when we haven't any minds?"

"But please don't feel obliged to hunt for honey. I don't care at all for honey; that is," I added hastily, as a slight buzzing made me fear that perhaps I had hurt their feelings, "I like you, you know, for yourselves alone, not for what you can give me. The honey is delicious, but we can buy it very nice at the grocer's. If you like honey for yourselves, I will buy some, and fill the hives for you, so that you needn't work at all, if you will only stay in the garden, and hover over the lilies, and—and—be picturesque."

They promised to try. And they did try. Whenever I looked from my library windows, I could see them practicing their hovering, and they really hovered extremely well. Satisfied that my garden was at last complete, I gave up watching it, and devoted myself to library work. Every morning I seated myself at the desk and wrote rapidly till noon. But one day I was interrupted by a bee.

He had flown in at the window. Perching himself on the lid of the inkstand he waited a while; then at last asked quietly:

"Why are you not out of doors this beautiful morning? The garden is lovely; I cannot see—" and he glanced critically at the vases about the room—"I cannot see that these lilies here are any whiter, or the violets any bluer, or the pansies any more interesting than those out there. And we miss you. A garden really ought to have people walking about in it. That is what gardens are for. I don't see why we must be out there to be seen, when there is nobody to see us."

"But, dear bee, I am not looking for flowers this morning; I am writing."

"And what are you writing?"

"A sonnet."

"Are there no sonnets to be had at the stores?"

"Oh, yes! Shakspere's and Milton's and Wordsworth's, of course."

'And are your sonnets better than Shakspere's?"

"Why, of course not."

"Then let your sonnet go. Come out in the garden with us, and on the way home I'll buy you a sonnet at the store: a Shakspere sonnet,—the best in the market."

"But, you see, I want to try making a sonnet of my own."

"Very well; let me see you try."

I took up the pen again, and was soon absorbed in my rhymes and rhythm. Indeed, I had quite forgotten that the bee was there, till he stirred uneasily and finally sighed.

"Are you not happy in the garden?' I asked.

"Not very."

"But why not? Haven't you all the liberty you want?"

"No; we have every liberty except the liberty we want."

"And this is—"

"The liberty to work. We find that it isn't lilies; it isn't clover; it isn't honey; it isn't making the honey that we like. It isn't even making the honey for you, that we care so much about; because, you see, you don't like honey; it's just making it."

"I don't understand. I can't see how anybody can really like to work."

"But we do. Suppose you finish your sonnet, while I try to think over a few arguments to present to you later."

So again I took up the pen, and again I was soon happily absorbed, and had entirely forgotten the poor bee, till I heard him say wearily:

"It doesn't seem to be very easy to write a sonnet."

"No," I exclaimed enthusiastically, "it isn't at all easy. That is the charm of it. Anybody can write some kinds of verse, but very few people can write sonnets. There are a great many rules for making a sonnet; you can only have just so many lines, and just so few rhymes, and the sentiment must change in just such a place, and very few people have the patience for it. Even Shakspere did not keep to the severest style of sonnet."

"And are you trying to obey all the rules?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Why, for the fun of it. It is so interesting to see whether one can do it."

"But it must be awfully tedious; and from your own account, you are really working harder over it than you need to."

"Only because it is a great deal more interesting to do a thing well than just to do it. Let me read you something from Wordsworth's sonnet about the sonnet. He says:

> In truth the prison unto which we doom
> Ourselves no prison is;

meaning that; if we are willing to take pains, there is a great deal of enjoyment in working hard over a thing, even if it is a small thing. He gives a great many comparisons, about nuns being contented with their narrow convents, hermits in their cells, and students in their libraries, and weavers at the loom; and here, oh, here is an allusion to you, dear bee; he tells how—

> —Bees that soar for bloom,
> High as the highest peak of Furness fells,
> Will murmur by the hour in foxglove bells.

"That is just what you meant, isn't it?—that you are one of those he speaks of who 'have felt the weight of too much liberty?' "

"Yes, that is what I meant; but I think I said it better than he says it. If it is a fine thing to say what you mean in just fourteen lines, why isn't it a finer thing to say what you mean in fourteen words? And really it seems to me that I put the whole of his sonnet into saying that it is not for the honey that I care, and nor for the sonnet that you care; but the fun of the work."

"The fun of the work! That is a new idea,—but I believe you are right."

"Of course I am right. Sweetness is all very well, but I should think it would be very tiresome just to be *be* sweet, like a flower; I'd rather be a bee and have to hunt for the sweetness."

"And I'd rather be a human being and have to make things sweet. For, after all, if a bee doesn't find any sweetness he can't have any, while people can make it for themselves. Do you know, by the way, that you have given me a splendid subject for a poem?"

"Perhaps I have. But if you will excuse me, I will be off to the cloverfield; and my advice to you is, if you must write a poem, try to put it in four lines, instead of fourteen."

So I tried, and this is the poem:

> Sweetness in being sweet, that's for the flowers!
> Sweetness in finding sweets, that's for the bee;
> Sweetness in making sweet sorrowful hours,
> That is the sweetness for you and for me.

—*Alice Wellington Rollins in St. Nicholas.*

How the Engagement Closed.

"Hallo, old boy!" said Robinson to his friend Jones. "Glad to see you. How are you?"

"First rate. You well?"

"Thanks, quite. By the way, I heard you were engaged to Miss Bondclipper."

"No, Robinson. I was engaged to her, but that is past."

"Well, Jones, between you and me, now you're a lucky boy. She's rich, of course, but that is all she has to recommend her."

"Yes."

"And then her money is only prospective, you know, Jones. Her father might lose it all before the daughter got to handle it."

"That is true."

"Well that's the way I look at it, Jones. I could have married her myself."

"You could?"

"It's a fact; but I counted the cost, and drew out just in time. Fortunate, wasn't it?"

"Very."

"But tell me how you managed to break the engagement."

"I didn't break it."

"Oh, she did herself, did she? But perhaps I ought not to say anything about it. I supposed, of course you broke it yourself, as she was so anxious to marry, and everybody knows that about the affair."

"Oh, you needn't apologize, I'm not worrying about it."

"That's right. Might I inquire what made her break it?"

"Oh, she didn't break it either."

"Well, that's strange. Then it must have been her father."

"No."

"Then how did you manage to get out of the engagement?"

"In a very simple way."

"But how, Jones?"

"I married her last week."

"Ah-h-h! Well, I really must be going now. Good-by."

"Good by."

The Ghost Was the Better Man.

Dick Cannon had a remarkable experience while passing a graveyard in Wayne county. He was in company with a buxom country lass on a dark night, when suddenly a spook appeared upon the scene, emerging from the city of the dead. The girl fought bravely for a while, and at last fainted, while Cannon's coat tail stood out like a checker board as he made his way home, half a mile distant. The ghost proved to be a rival of the colonel and carried the girl safely to her home, where afterward they were married. The colonel was invited, but he did not attend.

There is a continually growing demand that other people be good.

A man never outlives those who have seen him make a fool of himself.

A New Use for Wealth.

"I clean my eye-glasses these days with a ten-dollar note," said Captain Orcutt at the St. Charles Hotel, with a smile, as he commenced to rub his spectacles with a bill. "It cleans the glass and doesn't hurt the money. A one-dollar bill would answer the purpose as well as a note for a hundred, but in this case I happened to have the ten and used it.

"I have been cleaning my glasses for years with bank notes and I have never found anything that makes them as clear. If you use a handkerchief it leaves the lint behind, and ten to one the glass is blurred. The money removes all the dirt and grease and leaves no trace of itself. Am I afraid of contracting some disease of the eye? Well, I never thought of that, and I know that some physicians claim that diseases are transmitted by money, since it passes through so many hands, No, I am not afraid; and I will still continue to use the bank notes for this purpose. The texture is soft and it certainly removes dirt. Indeed, there is nothing like paper money for polishing fine glassware."—[Pittsburg Dispatch

Fishes That Catch Birds.

In England the pickerel is famous for its attacks upon birds, small ducklings especially being considered tidbits, while in many flocks ducks with one leg are common, the big, sharp-toothed fishes having nipped off a leg in default of better game

The birds that habitually dive under water, as the loons, divers, petrels and others, are all more or less the victims of rapacious fishes. Sharks capture some, while dolphins and toothed cetaceans occasionally dine upon the bird, feathers and all. A naval officer reported a chase which he observed in southern waters between a large fish, probably a shark and a school of porpoises. The latter are nearly wingless and rely entirely upon their powers of swimming to enable them to escape. The birds shot by the vessels, diving out of water from wave to wave, almost exactly resembling porpoises in their movement, and immediately behind them came a large fish that made savage rushes from side to side and desperate efforts to reach them. The birds attained such prodigious speed that they undoubtedly escaped by making the neighboring rocks.—[New York Sun

Useful Ornaments

The latest craze is to order one's cremation urn and use it as an ornament till it should happen to be wanted. All the large china shops confess to having had several orders lately, while silversmiths have been equally favored. An enthusiastic "cremationist" of my acquaintance has a couple of delightful little old silver urns which ornament his sideboard, and should any guest happen to admire he is told that those are for the host's ashes, which are to be divided and sent to two old valued friends, in these fascinating little cases. Some are even made in gold, while the more ordinary urns, which, instead of adorning the dining room, are for the present used as pot-pourri jars, are of Derby stoneware, the same material as old-fashioned "toby" jugs.—*Jeweler's Review.*

Return of Painted Glass.

In Italy painting on glass is beginning to flourish again, and to prove this we have only to remember the grand windows recently painted for the beautiful church of San Francesco, of Siena. The paintings, which are being done at the Royal Institute of Munchen, in Bavaria, are stupendous. Still, whether in Italy or in the rest of Europe, we are still far from reaching the perfection of the ancient Italian churches; for example, the windows of San Francesco di Assisi, which are reputed the most beautiful in the world. The painting on glass leaves me no time to mention the affairs of Abyssinia and of his majesty Menelek II., which form the delight of the Italian parliament.—*Chicago Post.*

Male and Female Asparagus.

It has been ascertained by recent experiments with male and female asparagus plants that the male plants gave an average of fifty per cent. more yield than the female and the shoots were also larger and the crop earlier. It was found that the differences in yield were greater in the early part of the season than in the latter part. Male plants can be secured for a certainty by the division of old plants, or better, by the selection from two-year-old seedling of such as do not bear seed. It has been contended for a long time by growers that there was a difference in profit between the two, and these experiments which have proved it to be a fact are timely.—*Florida Times-Union.*

People sometimes keep their secrets in order to keep their friends.

HUMOROUS.

It lacks point—A circle.

An empty pepper-box is out of season.

The main part of a horse is the back of its neck.

It is the bath attendant who sponges his way through life.

An echo is like a woman, always determined to have the last word.

California pedestrians are all right when they strike the Golden Gait.

"I've gone through a great deal," remarked the saw as it emerged from the log.

The man who tried heroic measures found they were several sizes too large for him.

"Thank fortune," as the man said when his money opened to him the doors of society.

Specialist—A man who charges you twenty-five dollars for what another charges five dollars

In a Sad Plight.—Belated passenger—When does the next train go? Ticket agent—It's just gone.

If you want to keep your friend do not tell him disagreeable truths about himself or flattering ones about yourself.

Littleshort—Ah, Mr. Cutaway, how d'do? What's the condition of trade this season? Cutaway (briefly)—Cash.

When there is no hawk flying around the biggest thing in the barnyard is the strut of the smallest rooster.

Young lady (to young man who kissed her)—That's very singular, sir. Young Man—Ah, well, allow me to make it plural?

"Why do you object to German opera? It is full of vigor; it braces me right up." "That's my objection to it; it is Teutonic."

"Anything new on foot?" asked one politician of another. "Yes," was the reply. "What is it?" "Our baby. He's just learned to walk."

There is constant complaint of the lack of morals in politics. There is no place yet discovered, even out of politics, where there is an oversupply.

Somehow a handsome diamond never looks quite so desirable to a woman at any other time as it does when she sees it in another woman's ring.

Patient waiters—Callers in the physician's ante room. —*Lowell Courier.*

A man down in Indiana is so lazy that he won't ever labor under an impression. —*Detroit Free Press.*

The butcher is no gambler, but he is always ready to steak the lucky boarding-house keeper.—*Texas Siftings*

The hen-pecked husband who misses a train he has promised his wife to return on "catches" it when he gets home. —*Boston Courier.*

Dinkle—"I had a rattling good time last night." Tinkle—"Shouldn't wonder; you were pretty well rattled when you came home."

"What queer things do come to pass in this world!" sighed the counterfeit expert, as he rejected another bit of queer money.—*Chicago Light.*

Minister (on Sunday, to Tommy, who is about to go a-fishing)—"Why are you digging worms to-day, my son?" Tommy—"'Cause yer can't get many 'thout yer do dig!"—*Boston Herald.*

The author had just gotten his MSS. back from the publishers when he remarked: "This business isn't remarkable for large profits, but it certainly shows quick returns"—*Boston Post.*

"I tell you," said Murray Hill, "there's an indescribable sense of luxury in lying in bed and ringing one's bell for his valet." "You got a valet?" "No; but I've got a bell."—*New York News.*

When a man has devoted brain power and energy to putting a handsome polish on his shoes it wounds him to have the first bootblack he meets look up indiscriminately into his face and say: "Shine, sir."—*Somerville Journal.*

Mille—"I don't mind marrying you, Clarence, but I hate the idea of giving up my fifteen-dollar-a-week job at the store." Clarence—"Then don't give it up, dearest. I'll give up mine. I'm getting only $10."—*Chicago Tribune.*

"Look, Adolph, your tailor's sitting over there." "Don't attract his attention." "Ain't you getting on well together?" "Yes, but I don't want to embarrass him. He owes me receipted bills for two suits of clothes."—*Fliegende Blaetter*

To be always intending to lead a new life, but never to find time so set about it, is as if a man should put off eating and drinking from one day to another, till he is starved and destroyed.

"Laugh and the word laughs with you," don't always hold good when you laugh heartily at your own story.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Trust few.

Do wrong to none.

People were never intended to be idle.

The whole heralding and chivalry is in courtesy.

The red nose of the silent man speaks for itself.

What you do, do at once—you never will rue it.

Good breeding is the result of much good sense.

News is whatever the public will read and pay for.

Inactivity frustrates the very object of our creation.

If your burden is heavy, then bend your back to it.

Don't chase a lie, but pursue the liar with all your energy.

It pays to be good, but it doesn't pay to figure on the profits.

There is more deviltry in the world than there is ignorance.

A great many people are good simply for the reputation of it.

A man who does a good deed for cash deserves no credit for it.

There is no sweeter repose than that which is purchased by labor.

When a man does you an injury, you should try to forget it.

When a man does you a favor, you should always try to remember it.

It is when one lacks the bear necessities of life that the wolf is at the door.

No pleasure is comparable to the standing on the vantage ground of truth.

The best Christian is the man who never mentions the fact that he is one.

The richest man of all is he who has got but little, but has got all he wants.

An active life is the best guardian of virtue and the best preservative of health.

A man can do no better thing than to try live up to his mother's estimate of him.

There are any quantity of people whose virtues are at the mercy of other folks.

If a man is honest he may not always be in the right, but he can never be in the wrong.

There are a thousand hacking at the branches of evil to one who is striking at the root.

There is nothing more discouraging to a man than thoughts of how great he intended to be.

Nature makes all the noblemen—wealth, education, nor pedigree never made one yet.

The man who would shine in society must first learn to dance—begin at the foot, as it were.

There is nothing that gives to life such sweetness and continued value as habitual courtesy.

When the devil wants a good advertisement he sends a man into the earth with a long and doleful face.

Matters are evened up pretty well in this world. The father tans the son and the son tans the father.

So much can be accomplished in a day, it is foolish to become discouraged while one day of life is left us.

The people who actually deserve to live their lives over again are the very ones who don't want to do it.

Ours is not a splendid, but it is a saving religion, it is humbling now that it may be elevating hereafter.

Whenever you hear a man say that all men are alike it is an apology for some very contemptible scoundrel.

It is a peculiar fact that the black sheep of the family almost invariably leaves home and gets fleeced.

If a man expects to be very virtuous, he must not mix too much with the world, nor too much with himself either.

With all busy people we should beware of breaking in upon an hour uninvited; it may be the time dedicated to an important task.

If most people tried as hard to please others as they try to get others to please them, what a delightful place this world would be.

Let man live for himself all his life, and the only pleasure he will have left when he is fifty is that which he finds in hating his enemies.

Marrying a woman for her money is very much like setting a rat-trap and baiting it with your own finger.

A practical joke is like a fall on the ice—there may be fun in it, but the one that falls can't always see it.

Have the courage to be ignorant of a great number of things, in order to avoid being ignorant of everything.

What a shock it is to find out that the man whose conversation you have been admiring is not worth a dollar.

To let them tell it, men's failures are due to circumstances past human control; their successes to native ability.

If you want to keep your friend do not tell him disagreeable truths about himself or flattering ones about herself.

The superiority of some men is merely local. They are great because their associates are little.

Fathers who whip their boys for doing on the sly what themselves are doing openly, make a big mistake.

No man is without a friend so long as his mother lives, or in need of pity if he has a wife who believes in him.

Young men who think they know it all, and that father and mother don't know anything, make a big mistake.

Don't be too profuse in your thanks of the man who lets you have your own way. He may be doing it to cure you of a folly.

No woman can be handsome by the force of features lone, any more than she can be witty only by the help of speech.

HORSE NOTES.

—There will be racing at Saratoga as usual this year.

—A full mile track is to be constructed at Atlanta, Ga.

—Weight does not seem to bother Eon much this year.

—Old Parole was exhibited at Morris Park.

—Jockey Barnes is not riding up to his last season's form.

—The Grand Circuit will open at Pittsburg.

—The pacer Sam Jones is said to be on a "ringing" tour in Canada.

—Loantaka has demonstrated that his suburban victory was not a fluke.

—There have been some excellent races at Belmont Course.

—Seven horses the get of Electioneer have entered the 2.30 list this year.

—Potomac promises to soon pay for himself. He was not dear at $25,000.

—W. L. Scott will sell his stable of runners and retire at the end of the season.

—The Little Rock (Ark.) Jockey Club has been organized with a capital of $25,000.

—Scroggan Brothers have secured second call on Jockey Overton during Briton's illness.

—The Belmont Driving Club meeting was brought to a close with three good races.

—The fastest heat trotted this season so far is Miss Alice's 2.17¼ in the fifth heat at Hartford recently.

—According to the Assessor's returns Cincinnati has 8275 horses within her corporate limits, valued at $478,132.

—Sunol is in training in California, and she recently trotted a quarter in 29½ seconds—at the rate of a mile in 1.58.

—Betting men will remember the Sheepshead Bay meeting for the great number of favorites that were beaten.

—The 6-year-old mare Fanny Wilcox, by Jerome Eddy, has already reduced her record from 2.29½ to 2.00¼ this season.

—The running meeting in progress at Chicago is one of the most successful financially ever given by that association.

—For the first time since 1884 the fleet pacer Johnston is not barred from the free-to-all class in the Grand Circuit races.

—The order prohibiting jockeys from betting on races is almost sure to prove a dead letter, for the reason that it cannot be enforced.

—The famous stallion Alcryon, 2.15¼, recently trotted a mile at Muskegon, Mich., in 2.20½, which is the fastest mile of the season over a half-mile track.

—The special meeting of the Board of Directors of the American Trotting Register Association, called for July 9, has been postponed to July 21, at Chicago.

—Prince Hal, by Brown Hal, reduced his record to 2.16¼ at Rockford, Ill. This is the fastest mile of the season so far. Brown Hal is in training.

—J. D. Creighton, of Omaha, has sold to W. F. Redmond, New York, the bay yearling filly Anglina, by Anteo, 2.16¼, dam Anglia, by George Wilkes; price, $4000.

—Hal Pointer's lameness was evidently of a trivial character, as at a recent meeting at Mansfield, O., he paced an exhibition mile in 2.24. Mansfield has a half-mile track.

—The chestnut stallion J. J. Audubon, winner of the 2.50 class at Belmont Course, in which he got a record of 2.27¼, is entered for the 4-year-old stake at Point Breeze.

—Allerton, 2.13½, is in active training for his 5-year-old and other engagements, in the former of which he will have to meet such good ones as Nancy Hanks, 2.14½; Margaret S. 2.12½, etc.

—Detroit's venture in hanging up $50,000 for the Blue Ribbon meeting of July 20 to 25 on the basis of 5 per cent. to enter is a bold innovation which horsemen should endeavor to encourage

—In the third heat of a race at Rushville, Ind., a dog ran a rabbit down the track and made New York Central break and fall, but the horse recovered himself, and trotted the last half in 1.10.

—Merrill, Starter Sheridan's assistant, has been engaged to start at the Hankins' track, Chicago, and efforts have been made looking to securing Colonel M. Lewis Clark for presiding judge.

—William H., a bay gelding, by Messenger Chief Jr., won the 2.45 class at Springfield, Mo., on June 12, in straight heats from a field of eight, distancing five the first heat. Time, 2.34½, 2.35½, 2.35.

—C. J. Hamlin has sold his entry in the team race at Cleveland to Frank McGraw, of Buffalo. The latter will at once begin to train the gray gelding So Long, 2.22½, and mate, George M., for that event.

—Mrs. Jacobs, mother of Corinne, the actress, has one of the nicest turnouts in this city. It comprises a pair of chestnut stub-tailed cobs with the manes "hogged," and a handsomely painted victoria.

—The figure-eight track has some advantages which no other track can claim. With the grand stand in the centre the spectator has the race right in front of him at the start, finish, and when the race is half over.

—Freedom, yearling record 2.29¼, will not be trotted this year. He is now running out at the San Mateo Stock farm, California, and will be taken up next winter and prepared for a try at the 3-year-old record.

—A. F. Walcott, for Messrs. Walcott & Campbell, has nominated one yearling by Longfellow and three by imp. Rayon d'Or for the Doncaster St. Leger of 1893. The Rayon d'Ors include the brothers to Chaos and Tenny.

THE CENTRE REPORTER

FRED. KURTZ. EDITOR and PROP'R

TERMS:—One year, $1.50, when paid in advance. Those in arrears subject to previous terms. $2 per year.

Advertisements 20 cents per line for 3 insertions, and 5 cents for each subsequent insertion.

CENTRE HALL, PA., THURS. JULY 23.

BOODLER BARDSLEY.

His Stealings While Treasurer of Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, July 16. — The experts appointed by Mayor Stuart to investigate the accounts of John Bardsley have made their final report, in which the disgraced ex-treasurer's dealings are fully shown. With few exceptions all the money for Bardsley's stock deals, made through Glendinning & Co., was secured by checks on the deposit of public money in the Keystone bank.

The total of the stock bought through Glendimming & Co. amounted to $102,732.13; from William H. Kemble, $50,687.50, and that bought through the People's bank, $16,850.

The recapitulation of losses through Glendimming & Co. was $102,732.13; through William H. Kemble, $50,987.40, and through the People's bank, 16,850—a total of $170,569.63.

Bardsley's total gains on these stock transactions were $36,116.63, and the net loss was $134,453. Gain on stock purchased by Mr. Bardsley, mainly with money borrowed by him from the Farmers' and Mechanics' National bank; West Side Chicago Railroad company—2,000 shares bought from Kemble, Widener & Elkins, $82,518 75.

The dividends and interest received by him during 1889, 1890 and 1891 on stock and bonds purchased by him with public money amounted to $58,370.00, and the interest paid by him to carry loans amounted to $19,064.01, leaving a profit of $32,405.99.

Loans were made by Bardsley with public money to Robert Glendenning & Co. amounting to $500,000, which were repaid him. He received from Glendenning & Co. as interest on loans $13,026.37. He loaned the Bradford mills cash to the amount of $575,7900.78, which does not appear to have been returned.

There are other and smaller loans which were made by Mr. Bardsley from time to time to different persons. As to many of these loans there is at present no means by which we can satisfactorily determine which have been paid and which have not.

With relation to the question of loans to judges, Hon. Thomas K. Finletter, either borrowed from Mr. Bardsley personally the sum of $600, or obtained this sum through Mr. Bardsley's indorsement. The very small amount and the further fact there is no evidence that a loan was made out of any public money, proves the transaction to be entirely free from any element of impropriety; nor indeed, does there appear in the matter anything which would reflect upon Judge Finletter in any way whatever. The transactions with Hon. William N. Ashman related solely to his salary. These are the only judges with whom Mr. Bardsley appears to have had any transaction whatever.

Memorandum on page 43 shows that Bardsley received as rebate on advertising in 1889, $16,289.04, and the entry reads less amount paid to H. N. Graffin, $14,289.04. One half to Thomas McCamant, $7,144.52; one half to J. B., $7,144.42.

In 1890 the mercantile advertising amounted to $42,865.20, and an item showing a deposit to Bardsley's account of $17,076.00, which is 40 per cent. of the sum credited as newspaper balance.

The account between the state and city is gone into very fully, and leaving the due bills on the Keystone bank, amounting to $925,000, out the total net deficiency in Bardsley's accounts is $553,835.38. With the due bills added it is just that much more.

Of the due bills, however, the experts state that they have a well grounded suspicion that they are not genuine, and to settle the question must have free access to the books of the Keystone bank.

Children Fatally Burned.

ERIE, Pa., July 18.—Lena, the 6-year-old daughter of a baker named Charles Schwartz, while making a bonfire in the alley at the rear of her home yesterday afternoon, spilled some coal oil over her clothing and was soon ablaze. The clothing of her baby sister, aged 6 months, also caught fire, and their mother startled by the children's screams, rushed to the rescue.

When neighbors discovered the situation all three were clinging to each other, wrapped in flames. They were speedily stripped of their clothes and everything was done to relieve their sufferings, but despite prompt medical assistance, Lena died a few hours later in horrible agony and the baby is also dying. The mother may survive. Several persons who assisted in the rescue received serious burns.

Caught After Four Years.

PHILADELPHIA, July 20.—J. C. Cullinan, who was a ticket agent for the Pennsylvania company at Globe, Ill., in 1887, and who in that year absconded with $576 of the company's money, has just been arrested in Toronto. Cullinan has but one arm and one leg, and when the Guarantee Insurance company of North America made good his shortage it thought that a man so peculiarly marked could not evade the eye of justice. The police everywhere were notified of the embezzlement. Cullinan was fully described and a reward of $1,000 was offered for his arrest. But it was not until recently that he was located.

Three Workmen Drowned.

PITTSBURG, July 20.—The temporary trestle of a new Pan Handle railroad bridge across Cork's run, six miles below this city, was washed away by a sudden flood and three workmen drowned. The body of one was recovered and identified as that of Thomas Coleman. The two others were foreigners, and their names have not been learned. About the same time an immense landslide came down the hill below Duquesne Heights and fell on a Chartiers street car. The roof was crushed in, but none of the passengers were injured.

National Veterans' Encampment.

READING, Pa., July 21.—The national encampment of the Union Veteran Legion will be in session in this city on Oct. 14 and 15. It is estimated that between 3,500 and 4,000 veterans will be in attendance, and provision is being made for their entertainment. Communications have been received from members of the Union Veteran Legion in every state in the union, signifying their intention of being present.

PENNSYLVANIA NEWS

Items of Real Interest Presented in Condensed Form.

WHAT OUR NEIGHBORS DO AND SAY

A Chapter of Accidents, Crimes and Local Happenings Picked Up Here and There in the State and Flashed Over the Busy Wires.

SHAMOKIN, Pa., July 18.—Paul Punlyski, a laborer at Burnside colliery, was instantly killed by falling timbers. He was engaged in what is known as robbing pillars, when heavy collars fell from the roof.

GORDON, Pa., July 18.—A camp meeting of the Pottsville district of the Evangelical association is in progress here. It is in charge of Rev. D. A. Medlar, presiding elder. About 500 persons participated in the opening services.

POTTSTOWN, Pa., July 18.—Traffic on the Schuylkill Canal has been almost paralyzed by a break fifty feet long and six feet deep in the six-mile level near Naomi. The water is entirely out of the canal, and a large force of men are at work repairing it.

ALLENTOWN, Pa., July 18.—A man from Philadelphia came here last evening and made charges against five Jewish peddlers who are peddling throughout this county without a license. If he proves the charges in each case he will receive one-half of the fines—$425.

WASHINGTON, Pa., July, 18.—S. J. Bigley, an oil well torpedo shooter, was killed here by an explosion of nitro-glycerine. Bigley was driving through one of the suburbs with 200 pounds of the dangerous fluid, when it exploded, blowing himself and the two horses and wagon to atoms.

ALLENTOWN, Pa., July 18.—Charles Hughbill, a Lehigh Valley car builder, was at work underneath a freight car at the Fullerton Car works, when a shifting engine backed up, and before the unfortunate man was able to get out his legs were both cut off and d eath resulted shortly after.

CORNWALL, Pa., July 18.—Coleman Hoots, a baggage master on the Reading and Columbia railroad, was struck by a water column at Penryn Park. A deep gash was cut in his forehead, and he was found hanging across the chain in the door of his car in an unconscious condition. His injuries are serious.

CHESTER, Pa., July 18.—A sympathetic citizen of Chester has interested himself in the fate of Mary Hill, the pretty Irish girl now in jail, charged with attempting to drown her baby girl. Counsel has been retained for her, and an effort will be made to have her released on a writ of habeas corpus.

STEELTON, Pa., July 18.—A scale of wages, demanding an increase of 20 to 25 per cent. over the reduction of last fall, was presented by the Amalgamated associaton to the management of the Pennsylvania Steel work. A notice was subsequently posted by the management stating that neither the scale nor the organization that issued it would be recognized.

WOMELSDORF, Pa., July 18.—Edwin Eberly, the 13-year-old son of Harrison Eberly, of this borough, was drowned in the Tulpehocken creek. After having been in the water about an hour he attempted to swim across a deep hole in the creek, but his strength became exhausted and he sank beneath the surface. Several small companions who were with him were unable to save him.

BERNVILLE, Pa., July 18.—Mrs. John Canada, residing near this borough, was seriously burned while boiling blackberry jam. She was standing in front of an old fashioned hearth, in which there was a raging fire, when she was overcome and fell upon the hot coals, striking her head upon a large kettle. She sustained severe burns on the face, breast and arms, and her condition is critical. She was unconscious for some time after the accident.

PHILADELPHIA, July 18.—In his report upon the river and harbor improvement for Philadelphia, just issued, Major C. W. Raymond gives the following figures: The total amount appropriated for Delaware river improvements from 1838 to 1891 is $2,252,000. Balance unexpended, June 1, 1890, $69,058.22. Amount appropriated by last congress, $240,000. Amount expended during fiscal year ending June 30, 1891, $47,417.77. Balance July 1, 1891, $271,640.45. Estimated amount required for completion of existing project, $1,725,000.

BOWER'S STATION, Pa., July 18.—Some of the crops in the northern and northeastern sections of Berks county are beginning to feel the effects of dry weather. In this portion of the East Penn valley there is very little clover coming up in the grain fields. Some farmers are plowing the fields for the purpose of resowing them with grain, and will depend upon the old grass fields for next year's hay crop. Many of the cornfields present an unfavorable appearance. An examination of the roots revealed the fact that the main root had been eaten off by a worm, which accounts for the slow growth of the stalk.

READING, Pa., July 18.—A number of officers charged upon the camp of the Salvation Army in West Reading, and arrested Captain William Duffin, the commander, and some of his followers. The warrant was issued upon the information of John D. Freeman, who alleges that Captain Duffin, William A. Thompson, William Paff, Walter Heckman, William Reddy and Oscar Weile, all members of the Salvation Army, "are conducting a nuisance and disturbing the public peace." The captain, accompanied by Mrs. Duffin and a number of his followers, went with the officers to the alderman's office and entered bail for a hearing.

PHILADELPHIA, July 20.—The case of Henry H. Yard, charged with contempt of court in not appearing before the city council's committee of investigation, was up again before common pleas court, but was not finally disposed of. The decision of the case hinged on whether or not the writ of certiorari taken out by Yard's attorney was a supersedeas and stayed further proceedings in the lower court. After hearing the argument Judge Allison announced that it was not in the power of the common pleas court to decide whether or not the writ of certiorari was intended as a supersedeas by the supreme court, by which it was issued, and in the meantime Yard would be held under $5,000 bail until the supreme court should decide if court No. 1, common pleas, could, under the circumstances, commit him for contempt.

THE HISTORY OF A WEEK

Wednesday, July 15.

At Birmingham, Ala., Hay Thomas Hyde, a railroad man, was shot and fatally wounded by Solomon Bonheimer, a drummer, during a quarrel in a saloon. Bonheimer is under arrest.

The northbound New Orleans limited, on the Illinois Central, ran into an open switch at Duquoin, Ill., and badly wrecked the mail car for the southbound train. Mail Clerks Hughny and Hodge were badly injured, but are not in a dangerous condition. No one else was hurt.

Thursday, July 16.

Maggie Bishop, aged 3, and Maggie McCarthy, aged 4, were killed by a fire in a Brooklyn tenement house.

Frank Meister, aged 12, fell from the roof of his home at Williamsburg, N. Y., while flying his kite, and was killed.

Dr. Henri A. Lafluer, resident physician of the Johns Hopkins hospital, Baltimore, has resigned to accept the position of assistant to the chair of medicine in the McGill institute, Montreal, Canada.

At Sofia two students were arrested on suspicion of complicity in the murder of Baltcheff, the Bulgarian minister of finance, who was assassinated on March 27 last. They confessed the crime and implicated others.

Friday, July 17.

George E. Smith, of Laurel, Del., has received his commission as postmaster.

The executive committee of the Republican league of clubs of Pennsylvania decided upon Sept. 23 as the date for the convention at Scranton, which place had previously been selected.

Prince George, of Greece, has arrived in London. The Prince of Wales has placed a suite of apartments in Marlborough house at his disposal and has detailed one of his aides-de-camp to attend Prince George.

A cyclone struck the town of West Superior, Wis., yesterday, causing immense destruction to property. A building in course of erection at Second and Lamborn streets collapsed, and five men were mangled to death in the ruins.

Saturday, July 18.

The coal miners of McLean county, Ills., to the number of 300 have struck for higher wages.

George Brown, who waylaid messenger boys and relieved them of their packages, was sentenced to six years' imprisonment.

The comptroller of currency has appointed Arthur C. Bell, of Lincoln, Neb., recorder of the First National bank of Red Cloud, Neb.

Pittsburg is promised another baseball club next season. A number of Allegheny capitalists have organized a club, and will enter the American association.

William Hall, aged 40, was killed and John J. Moore, aged 31, probably fatally injured by a falling casting at the West End Railroad Power Station, Boston, yesterday.

Dr. Frank Hamilton Potter, a prominent physician of Buffalo, N. Y., and well known throughout the state in connection with the State Medical society, died aged 32 years. Death resulted from an abscess in his side.

Joseph Deane, son of Assemblyman George B. Deane, and brother of the late George B. Deane, Jr., of New York city, died at the summer home of the family in Cornwall, N. Y., of consumption. He was a prominent Republican worker in the Ninth Assembly district of New York.

Monday, July 20.

Two-year-old Elsie Diette dropped from a third story window in Chicago and, strange to say, was picked up wholly without injury.

Fire at Gosport, Ind., destroyed the Odd Fellows' building, four of the leading business houses and three dwellings. The loss will be about $50,000.

Edwin B. Bennett, of Beaver Falls, Pa., committed suicide by cutting his throat with a razor. He was about 55 years old and a veteran of the late war. He was getting a pension of $12 a month.

A colt driven by Moses Irving, of Fallsburgh, N. Y., ran away throwing Irving and his wife, who were in the vehicle, out upon the ground. Mrs. Irving struck upon her head, breaking her neck. Irving was badly injured on the face and head.

Tuesday, July 14.

Jesse Streitt, the boy sleeper, of Seymour, Ind., awoke after a continuous sleep of 109 hours.

James H. Eaton, president of the Commercial Travelers' association of the state of New York, died at Syracuse, N. Y.

The plumbers of London have gone on strike for nine hours a day, and twenty-five cents per hour and other demands.

Edward Taschereau, a lawyer of Quebec, Canada, died at Rosevelt hospital, New York. He was said to be the brother of the chief justice of Quebec and a nephew of Cardinal Taschereau.

The village of Sawyerville, Osceola county, Mich., consisting of thirty houses, one general store, one large sawmill, shingle mill and lumber yard, was totally destroyed by fire. The loss is between $250,000 and $300,000, partly covered by insurance.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

Closing Quotations of the Stock and Produce Exchanges.

PHILADELPHIA, July 20.—The stock market was dull and steady. The changes in prices were not important. Pennsylvania was firm. Lehigh Valley and Lehigh Navigation were quite streng.

Following were the closing bids:

Lehigh Valley.....	47¾	Reading g. m. 4s	76½
N. Pac. com.....	22⅝	Reading 1st pf 5s	51½
N. Pac. pf.	64	Reading 2d pf 5s	35
Pennsylvania	50¼	Reading 3d pf 5s	27½
Reading.....	14 1-16	W. N. Y. & Pa..	6¾
Lehigh Navigati'n —		H. & B. T. pref...	—
St. Paul.....	63¼	H. & B. T. com..	—

The Produce Market.

PHILADELPHIA, July 20.—State and western flour, super., $3.75@3.90; do. do. extras, $4@4.25; No. 2 winter family, $4.25@4.50; Pennsylvania roller process, $4.65@4.90; western winter, clear, $4.60@4.80; do. do. straight, $4.85@5.10; winter patent, $5@5.25; Minnesota, clear, $4.50@4.75; do. straight, $4.75@5; do. patent, $5@5.35. Rye flour, $4.15 per barrel for new and $4.80 for old.

Wheat—Dull, lower, with 93c. bid and 93¼c. asked for July; 92½c. bid and 92¾c. asked for August; 92¾c. bid and 93c. asked for September; 93c. bid and 93¼c. asked for October.

Corn—Weak, lower, with 68c. bid and 69c. asked for July; 64c. bid and 65c. asked for August; 61¼c. bid and 62c. asked for September; 60c. bid and 61c. asked for October.

Oats—Dull, weaker, with 46¼c. bid and 47¼c. asked for July; 34c. bid and 35c. asked for August; 32c. bid and 33c. asked for September; 33c. bid and 33¼c. asked for October.

Beef—Firm, quiet, extra mess, $9.50@10.50; family, $13@14.

Pork—Quiet, unchanged; new mess, $12@13; old mess, $11@11.75; extra prime, $10.50@11.

Lard—Steady, quiet; steam rendered, $6.65.

Eggs—Quiet, steady; New York and Pennsylvania, 16½@16¾c.; western, 16@16½c.; southwestern, 15@15½c.

FARMERS' SUPPLIES AT ROCK BOTTOM PRICES.

SOUTH BEND CHILLED PLOW

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES!

SHARES reduced from 40 to 30 cents.—All other repairs reduced accordingly.

Roland CHILLED PLOWS are the best bevel landside plow ion earth; prices reduced.

POTATO PLANTER.

The Aspenwall is the most complete potato planter ever made. Farmers who have them plant their own crops and realize from $25.00 to $30.00 per year from their neighbors, who willingly pay $1.00 per acre for the use of an Aspenwall planter.

HARROWS—*The Farmer's Friend Horse Shoe Luck Spring Tooth Harrow*, seventeen teeth, one side of which can be used as a single cultivator.

THE HENCH AND STEEL KING SPRING TOOTH HARROW.

Allen's Celebrated Cultivators, Garden Tools and Seed Drills, which were practically exhibited at the Granger's Picnic.

CORN PLANTERS AND CORN SHELLERS, — latest improved. —

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CHAMPION WAGONS, are superior in neat build, fine finish and durability.

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Our steel and wood wheelbarrows are adapted to all kinds of work of which we have a large assortment at very low prices.

A large stock of

FARM AND GARDEN SEEDS,

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Agricultural Salt, our Champion Twenty-five Dollar Phosphate; Lister's best make; Buffalo Honest Phosphate for use on barley, corn, potatoes and wheat, as well as Mapes Potato Fertilizer, all of which have the highest reputation for producing an honest return for the money invested.

Our large trade justifies us in buying our supplies in large quantities, hence we buy at the lowest prices, which enables us to sell at the lowest prices; therefore, it will be to the interest of every farmer in Central Pennsylvania to examine our stock before purchasing.

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FARM FOR SALE.—A DESIRABLE FARM situated in Potter township, north of W. H Runkle, Jr., containing 85 acres and 56 perches, neat measure. The said farm under good state of cultivation, with buildings, water, timber and fruit. Call on James C. BOAL, agent, 23tf Centre Hall.

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An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East Indian Missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.
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A limited quantity of yard wide, extra quality, unbleached Sheeting at 6 cents per yard.

A special lot of good quality and good styles Dress Gingham at 7½ cents per yard.

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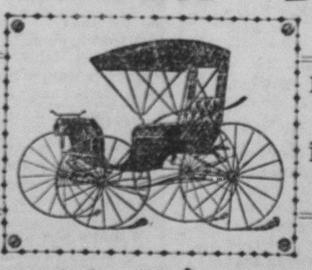

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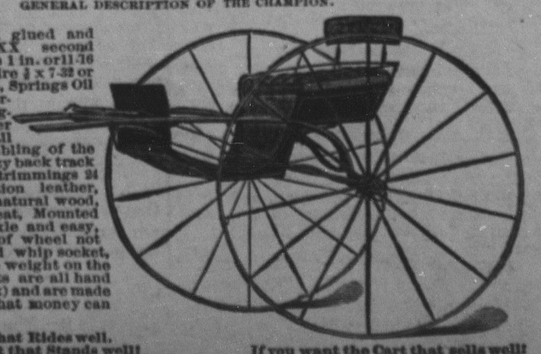

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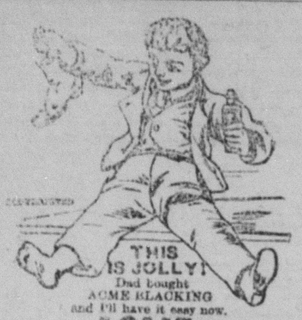

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SPECIFICS

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The Most Successful Remedy ever discovered, as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. Read proof below:

BROOKLYN, Conn., May 5, '90.
DR. B. J. KENDALL, Co.:
Sirs:—Last Summer I cured a Curbspoon my horse with your celebrated Kendall's Spavin Cure and it was the best job I ever saw done. I have a dozen enemy bottles, have used it with perfect success, curing every thing I tried it on. My neighbor had a horse when a very bad Spavin that made him lame. He asked me how to cure it. I recommended Kendall's Spavin Cure. He cured the Spavin in just three weeks.
Yours respectfully,
WOLCOTT WITTER.

COLUMBUS, Ohio, April 4, '90.
DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.:
Dear Sirs:—I have been selling more of Kendall's Spavin Cure and Flint's Condition Powders than ever before. One man said to me, it was the best Powder I ever kept and the best he ever used.
Respectfully,
OTTO L. HOFFMAN.

CHITTENANGO, N. Y., May 19, '90.
DR. B. J. KENDALL Co.,
Dear Sirs:—I have used several bottles of your Kendall's Spavin Cure with perfect success, on a valuable and blooded mare that was quite lame with a Bone Spavin. The mare is now entirely free from lameness and shows no bunch on the joint.
Respectfully, F. H. HUTCHINS.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

MONROE, Ia., May 8, '90.
DR. B. J. KENDALL Co.,
Gents:—I think it my duty to render you my thanks for your far famed Kendall's Spavin Cure. I had a four year old filly which I prized very highly. She had a very severe swollen leg. I tried about eight different kinds of medicines which did no good. I purchased a bottle of your Kendall's Spavin Cure which cured her in four days.
I remain yours,
MARION DOWDEN.

Price $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5. All druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors. DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vermont.

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Soldiers Disabled Since the War are Entitled
Dependent widows and parents now dependent whose sons died from effects of army service are included. If you wish your claim speedily and successfully prosecuted address James Tanner,
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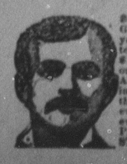
Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. FOR SALE BY J. D. Murray, Druggist.



$6000.00 a year is being made by John R. Goodwin, Troy, N.Y., at work for us. Reader, you may not make as much, but we can teach you quickly how to earn from $5 to $10 a day at the start, and more as you go on. Both sexes, all ages. In any part of America, you can commence at home, giving all your time, or spare moments only to the work. All is new. Great pay SURE for every worker. We start you, furnishing everything. EASILY, SPEEDILY learned. PARTICULARS FREE. Address at once, STINSON & CO., PORTLAND, MAINE.

TROOPS OVERAWED.

Striking Miners in Tennessee Compel the Soldiers to Withdraw,

TAKING THE CONVICTS WITH THEM

After a Parley with the Leaders of the Mob Colonel Sevier Yields to Their Terms—Governor Buchanan Calls Out the Entire Military Force of the State.

KNOXVILLE, Tenn., July 21.—The crisis in the trouble between the ousted miners in this district and the convicts who were brought here from the state prison at Nashville has at last been reached. When about 400 armed strikers attacked the guards who had charge of fifty felons at Briceville last Wednesday night and liberated their charges, it was confidently predicted that this would be but the beginning of a general movement throughout the entire mining district of the state. Governor Buchanan was immediately notified and responded by sending two companies from Chattanooga and one from Knoxville to the scene. Of the fifty convicts taken from the guards at Briceville two escaped and the others were brought to this city.

The Convicts Taken Back.

When the militia arrived they took the convicts along back with them, and warned the mob that they would protect them at all hazards. Governor Buchanan at once proceeded to the seat of the trouble, and in a neat speech explained his position to the rebellious miners. He told them that it was his sworn duty to uphold the law, and if the convict lease system was wrong he was not to blame, and that the only recourse of the men was through the legislature. The miners announced that their families were starving and that they were compelled to drive out the convicts if it cost the life of every man in the valley. They made all sorts of fun of the handful of beardless youths, but declared they would not harm the "Spider legged, cigarette smoking dudes," as they characterized the militia, but that as soon as the militia were withdrawn they would release every convict in the region. Becoming impatient, however, at the tardiness in recalling the troops, they decided to try to overcome the military by force of numbers, and succeeded.

Met Miners in Fighting Trim.

Troops from Briceville arrived here at 4 p. m. yesterday. They are all in good spirits and will return in the morning with reinforcements. The boys were badly treated by the people of Knoxville, who seemed to be in perfect sympathy with the lawless element in Coal Creek. Two thousand miners, farmers and others who have no occupation at all took possession of the hills around the Briceville camp. Fifteen hundred of these were armed with rifles, while the rest had shotguns and pistols. They came from all the country within a radius of fifty miles. The organization was complete and their leaders placed them along the hill sides with military precision. At the call to arms the little garrison turned out gallantly and prepared for defense.

Officers Feared a Massacre.

It was apparent at a glance that a fight would result in a massacre. A meeting of the officers was called. Some declared a stout resistance to the first attack would be sufficient, and the mob would withdraw. Others thought that it would be suicidal, yet everyone was in favor of doing his duty, notwithstanding the exposed position they were to defend. The miners called a parley, and were met on neutral grounds by Colonel Sevier. They stated that they had sufficient force to overwhelm the soldiers, but did not care to shed blood if the convicts were quietly sent away. This request was at first emphatically refused, as the officers feared the result if the prisoners were allowed to go unprotected.

They Promised to Avoid Destruction

The miners then asked Colonel Sevier if he would remove his troops and take the convicts with him. He asked what would be done to the mining company's property, which was also under his protection. They replied that it would not be injured. He also asked if an attack would be made on the Knoxville Iron company's stockade, just below Briceville. If such was intended he intended to fall back there and fight it out regardless of consequences. The leader replied that no attack would be made.

The Troops March Out.

The troops then marched out, carrying with them the convicts, all the commissary supplies and baggage. They marched to Briceville and took the train to Knoxville. The promise not to attack the stockade has already been violated, and the 1,350 soldiers at that place were put on a train and sent to Knoxville. The mob then started for Oliver Springs, where they also intend liberating the prisoners. The whole of east Tennessee is in sympathy with the miners.

Another Wholesale Release.

After the release of convicts at Briceville and the troops and convicts had been placed on the train the mob went to the mines of the Knoxville Iron company and surrounded the stockade and captured the 125 convicts. They were shipped away to Knoxville, and arrived here about 5:30 o'clock. All convicts are now here in an old building under guard. A call of labor leaders has been issued for a labor meeting here this afternoon. It is reported here that the miners at Oliver Springs have released the 130 convicts there, but this report has not been verified. The excitement here is intense. The streets are crowded, and a diversity of opinion is heard. Many labor men say the miners have done right.

The Entire Militia Called Out.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., July 21.—Governor Buchanan received a telegram from Warden Belvin, at Briceville, that over 1,000 men had gathered between that place and Coal Creek, preparatory to marching against the Briceville stockade. Governor Buchanan, who has been guided by the utmost caution since the troubles began, at once decided to call out the entire militia, and for that purpose he immediately telegraphed each company and instructed General J. L. Weakley to arrange railroad transportation for them. Each company was ordered to secure three days' rations. Tents and blankets were issued from the capitol and sent down by special train. The train pulled out at 6 o'clock last night. There are fourteen cars in all, comprising 550 men.

GOVERNOR CAMPBELL

Again Placed in Nomination by the Ohio Democracy.

CLEVELAND, July 16.—One of the largest conventions ever assembled in the history of Ohio Democracy met in this city yesterday. The large music hall in which the convention was held was packed to its utmost capacity long before the hour for meeting arrived. Promptly at 10:30 o'clock Chairman Norton, of the state central committee, called the convention to order, and the Rev. J. W. Campbell, of Cleveland, invoked the divine blessing upon the convention, after which the chairman opened the convention with a stirring address, and introduced Allen W. Thurman as temporary chairman.

JAMES E. CAMPBELL.

When the nominating speeches began Lawrence T. Neal was put in nomination by Congressman Follett, of Cincinnati.

J. H. Ryan, of Cincinnati, then placed Governor Campbell's name in nomination amid a storm of cheers.

S. D. Dodge, of Cleveland, nominated Virgil P. Cline, of Cuyahoga county.

A vote was taken and Governor Campbell was renominated on the first ballot, and the nomination was made unanimous.

When the nominee was introduced the convention went wild with excitement. After the cheering had subsided the governor made a long speech of accepance.

For lieutenant governor, W. V. Marquis, the present incumbent, was renominated by acclamation. The ticket was completed as follows: For attorney general, John P. Bailey, of Putnam; for state treasurer, C. F. Ackerman, of Mansfield; for state auditor, Hon. T. E. Peckinpaugh, of Wayne; for judge of the supreme court, Gustavus H. Wald, of Hamilton county; commissioner of common schools, Charles C. Miller, of Erie county; member of the board of public works, John McNamara, of Summit county; member of the food and dairy commission, H. S. Trumbo, of Lawrence county.

Can This Rumor Be True?

LUCERNE, July 20.—The famous African explorer, Henry M. Stanley, is now stopping at Murren. A rumor, which seems to come from a reliable source, says that the famous traveler and his wife, formerly Miss Dorothy Tennant, have separated. He left London about a fortnight ago, and after going to Paris came here. He proposes to extend his trip as far as Australia, where he will remain several months. As it has already been announced that his wife would not accompany him, but would remain in London, it is probable that they desire to attract as little attention as possible to their separation. The cause of this is said to be due to the positive nature of both husband and wife, which, owing to the many years they lived alone, makes it difficult to conform to the peculiar views of each other.

Mrs. Potter's Alleged Marriage.

NEW YORK, July 21.—The report of Mrs. James Brown Potter's divorce and subsequent marriage at Hong Kong to Kyrle Bellew causes much talk here. At the office of Franklin Bartlett, Mrs. Potter's attorney, the chief clerk said: "Mrs. Potter has not been served with papers of divorce. We have received no information relative to such action here. If a divorce had been granted Mr. Potter we would know it." Several of Mr. Potter's intimate friends stated positively that no steps have as yet been taken by the husband toward securing a divorce, and consequently Mrs. Potter is effectually barred at present from entering a second matrimonal alliance.

Working Against Gompers.

CHICAGO, July 21.—At a meeting of the Trades and Labor assembly, representing the various trades unions of the city, delegates decided to ask all affiliated labor organizations to refuse to indorse Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, as candidate for the office of president of the next national convention. Gompers has been president for the last eight years. They will press for an amendment to the constitution limiting the office holding ability of any one man to three consecutive terms at the outside.

Sad Accident on a Ball Field.

BROOKLYN, July 21.—A shocking accident occurred during the baseball game between the Brooklyn and New York National league teams yesterday afternoon which will probably result in the death of "Hub" Collins, the second baseman of the Brooklyns. He and Right Fielder Tom Burns started for a short fly ball hit to right field. While running at full speed the men collided, and both were rendered unconscious. Both were frightfully cut. It is feared Collins will die. The doctors think Burns will recover.

Caught Burying Their Victim.

TRACY CITY, Tenn., July 21.—There are well grounded rumors afloat that two boys who reside in Grundy county, a few miles from Pelham, named Saunders and Mc——, waylaid and murdered a Sicilian peddler at Lusk's gap a few days ago. The man was killed by knife wounds, and the boys were detected burying the body. The object of the murder was money, though but $17 was secured. Details of the crime are meager, but it is understood that Saunders has been arrested and is in jail.

Insurgents Lose 200 in Battle.

WASHINGTON, July 21.—The Chilean minister here received a dispatch from Chile last night stating that a battle was fought a few days ago at Huasco between the insurgent troops and the vanguard of the First division of the governmental army, under command of Col. Almarza, in which the insurgents were completely routed. The insurgent cavalry, under command of Colnetio Suavedea, fled, leaving 200 dead, a great number of prisoners and all their arms.

Young Jones Dies of His Wound.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., July 21.—Nathaniel K. Jones, son of United States Senator James K. Jones, who was shot Saturday evening at Washington, Ark., died yesterday. The scene around the deathbed was particularly sad. Senator Jones was deeply attacked to his son, who was his favorite child, while Mrs. Jones loved him with all a mother's devotion. The parents were led from the room prostrated with grief. The town of Washington is wrapped in gloom.

KILLED BY MOTHER.

Three Children Shot Dead and Laid Side by Side.

SHE THEN ENDED HER OWN LIFE.

The Sight Which Met a Father's Eyes on His Return After a Brief Absence—The Murderess and Suicide Leaves a Letter Saying She Was Tired of Life.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., July 21.—The wife of Mr. Thomas Lochridge shot her three children and herself at her home, three miles south of Spring Hill, in Maury county.

Mrs. Lochridge was 30 years of age, her eldest child 4 years, the second 3 years, and the third 4 months old. After dinner Mr. Lochridge went out, leaving his home in its usual state of quietness. About 3 o'clock he returned and found the front door locked. Concluding that his wife had gone on a visit he went around the house, intending to enter by the back door. This, too, was locked, and he was compelled to force a window sash in order to gain an entrance.

Found His Family Dead.

When he entered the living room on a pallet lay his three children dead, side by side, and across the room was his wife's dead body. A double-barreled breech loading shotgun lay between them. As near as can be learned, Mrs. Lochridge had placed the gun against each child's heart and fired. Then she placed them side by side on a pallet she had prepared for the purpose, and arranged their dresses neatly around them. Standing at their feet she placed the muzzle of the gun at her own heart and fired. She must have reloaded the gun. The following letter was found in the room with the murdered and the suicide.

Not Her First Attempt.

DEAR TOM: I know you will be shocked when you get back and find what I have done. This is not my first attempt. I took forty drops of laudanum at one time, and sixty at another before I was married, and failed to accomplish my purpose, but think I will succeed this time. If Eunice (the oldest child) had been at home last Sunday evening this deed would have been committed then, but she had gone to church. I could not bear to leave her behind. I do wish you could go with us. But for you I would gladly, gladly give up all and go home to heaven. I sometimes feel that I am a terrible sinner, but now I feel that the good Lord is waiting the door open to welcome me and our little ones. You have kept your marriage vows so much more perfect than I have, but you know that my health is bad now. I have been in a bad state of mind some time. I feel that I am tired of life and must go.

Mrs. Lochridge was a sister of Colonel J. J. Odil, the well known produce merchant of this city. Her health had not been good.

Murdered on the Roadside.

HANOVER, N. H., July 20.—As Miss Christie Warden, accompanied by her mother, her sister Fannie and Louise Goodell, was returning on foot to her home, situated one mile from the village, at a late hour, Frank Almy, about 30 years of age, jumped into the road in front of them and seizing Christie by the arm said: "I want you."

The mother and sister attempted to defend her. Almy fired at them, but missed. They ran for assistance. Then Almy dragged his victim into the bushes from the road and shot her twice through the head, one shot tearing out her left eye. When help arrived the girl was dead, and her body was stripped of nearly every article of clothing. Almy had fled.

Miss Warden was a beautiful and most estimable woman, about 25 years old, a graduate of the State Normal school, and a popular teacher. Almy was a former employe of her father, and his attention to Miss Christie had been repulsed. She was a daughter of Andrew A. Warden, a wealthy farmer and leading citizen.

A Boy's Fatal Error.

LIVERPOOL, July 20.—A train passing along the line of the Manchester ship canal fell over the embankment, killing eleven men who were working under the heading. In addition to the men killed many others were badly injured. The accident was due to the fact that the pointsman, a boy 17 years of age, mistook the points and turned the train, consisting of twenty-two wagons loaded with ballast, into a siding leading into a cutting. The train then crashed into a slight buffer at the end of the cutting, and toppled over upon the men at work below. The bodies of the men were horribly mutilated. The boy pointsman ran away when he saw that the accident was due to his mistake. He was captured later in the day, and was charged with manslaughter.

Quay Will Retire.

PHILADELPHIA, July 20. — Senator Quay has decided to retire from the chairmanship of the National Republican committee. When he was in Philadelphia this week, en route from Atlantic City to his home in Beaver, he told a friend in the Continental hotel that he soon would retire from the chairmanship of the committee. He said that his health was not very good, and that he did not feel like taking upon himself the work of another presidential campaign. He added that he would remain a member of the committee, but proposed to retire from the head of the organization because of its hard work. All the local Republican leaders here admitted that they had knowledge of Senator Quay's intention to resign.

A Steamer Totally Wrecked.

MONTREAL, July 21.—News has been received here of the total wreck of the Donaldson line steamship Circe on the Island of Anticosti, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, commonly called the Graveyard. The Circe was bound from Glasgow to Montreal with a cargo of pig and scrap iron and general merchandise. All hands were saved. The vessel was valued at $125,000.

Protesting Against the Fight.

ST. PAUL, July 21.—Five thousand citizens, after a most exciting mass meeting, assembled at the state capitol last night to demand that Governor Merriam interfere and prevent the Hall-Fitzsimmons prize fight, the mayor having refused to do so.

Dom Pedro Seriously Ill.

PARIS, July 21.—Dom Pedro, ex-emperor of Brazil, is seriously ill at Vichy. He recently met with an accident which injured one of his feet, and gangrene has set in.

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Philadelphia & Erie Railroad Division and Northern Central Railway.

Time Table, in effect May 24, 1891.

TRAINS LEAVE MONTANDON, EASTWARD.

9.27 a. m.—Train 14. (Daily except Sunday. For Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia at 3.15 p. m., New York, 5.50 p. m., Baltimore, 3.10 p. m., Washington, 5.55 p. m., connecting at Philadelphia for all sea-shore points. Through passenger coaches to Philadelphia and Baltimore.

1.30 p. m.—Train 8. (Daily except Sunday.) For Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia at 6.50 p. m., New York, 9.35 p. m., Baltimore, 6.45 p. m., Washington at 8.15 p. m. Parlor car through to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches to Philadelphia and Baltimore.

5.00 p. m.—Train 12. (Daily except Sunday.) For Wilkesbarre, Hazleton, Potteville and intermediate points, arriving at Philadelphia 10.50 p. m., Baltimore 10.40 p. m.

7.45 p. m.—Train 6. (Daily.) For Sunbury, Harrisburg and all intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia, 4.25 a. m., New York at 7.10 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7.00 a. m.

1.20 a. m.—Train 4. (Daily.) For Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia at 6.50 a. m., New York, 9.30 a. m., Baltimore, 6.20 a. m., Washington, 7.30, a. m. Pullman sleeping cars to Philadelphia and passenger coaches to Philadelphia and Baltimore.

WESTWARD.

5.36 a. m.—Train 3. (Daily) For Erie and Canandaigua and intermediate stations, Rochester, Buffalo and Niagara Falls, with through Pullman cars and passenger coaches to Erie and Rochester.

10.17.—Train 15. (Daily) For Lock Haven and intermediate stations.

2.03 p. m.—Train 11. (Daily except Sunday.) For Kane, Canandaigua and intermediate stations Rochester, Buffalo and Niagara Falls, with through passenger coaches to Kane and Rochester, and Parlor car to Rochester.

5.54 p. m.—Train 1. (Daily except Sunday.) For Renovo, Elmira and intermediate stations.

9.15 p. m.—Train 21. (Daily) For Williamsport and intermediate stations.

THROUGH TRAINS FOR MONTANDON FROM EAST AND SOUTH.

Train 15 leaves New York 12.15 night, Philadelphia 4.30 a m, Baltimore 4.45 a m, Harrisburg 8.10 a m, Wilkesbarre, 7.05 a. m. (Daily except Sunday) arriving at Montandon 10.25.

Train 11 leaves Philadelphia 8.50 a m, Washington 8.10 a m, Baltimore, 9.00 a m, Wilkesbarre 11.17 a m, (Daily except Sunday) arriving at Montandon 2.03 p m, with parlor car from Philadelphia and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia and Baltimore.

Train 1 leaves New York 9.00 a m, Phila., 11.40 a m; Washington at 10.50 a m, Baltimore at 11.45 a m, Wilkesbarre 3.12 p m, (daily except Sunday) arriving at Montandon at 5.14 p m, with through passenger coaches from Phila. and Baltimore.

Train 21 leaves New York 2.40 p m, Philadelphia 4.25 p m, Washington 5.30 p m, Baltimore 4.32 p m, (daily) arriving at Montandon 9.15 p m.

Train 3 leaves New York at 8.00 p m, Philad. 11.25 p m, Washington 10.00 p m, Baltimore, 11.20 p m, (daily) arriving at Montandon at 5 36 a m, with through Pullman sleeping cars from Phila., Washington and Baltimore and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia and Baltimore.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD.
Daily Except Sunday.

Westward.				Eastward.		
P M	A.M.	A.M.	STATIONS.	A M	P.M.	P M
2 15	10 25	5 50	Montandon	9 20	1 50	4 55
2 25	10 35	6 20	Lewisburg	9 10	2 00	4 45
2 35		6 30	Biehl	9 00		4 37
2 40		6 35	Vicksburg	8 55		4 32
2 50		6 45	Mifflinburg	8 45		4 22
3 05		7 00	Millmont	8 27		4 09
3 14		7 08	Glen Iron	8 17		4 02
3 48		7 43	Paddy Mountain	7 43		3 30
4 00		7 53	Coburn	7 30		3 18
4 08		8 01	Zerby	7 21		3 10
4 17		8 10	Rising Spring	7 12		3 02
4 25		8 18	Penn Cave	7 05		2 54
4 30		8 24	Centre Hall	6 58		2 47
4 37		8 32	Gregg	6 51		2 40
4 43		8 37	Linden Hall	6 43		2 32
4 48		8 42	Oak Hall	6 38		2 27
4 52		8 46	Lemont	6 34		2 23
4 57		8 51	Dale Summit	6 29		2 18
5 06		9 00	Pleasant Gap	6 19		2 08
5 10		9 04	Axemann	6 14		2 04
5 15		9 10	Bellefonte	6 10		2 00

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 5.20 a m, 10.00 a m, 1.15, 5.35 and 7.20 p m. returning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 9.35 a m, 1.35 p m, 5.05 p m, 6.00 p m, and 7 45 p m.

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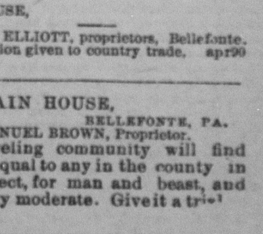

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REV DR. TALMAGE.

The Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Gospel of the Weather."

TEXT: "*Hath the rain a father?*"—Job xxxviii., 28.

This Book of Job has been the subject of unbounded theological wrangle. Men have made it the ring in which to display their ecclesiastical pugilism. Some say that the Book of Job is a true history; others, that it is an allegory; others, that it is an epic poem; others, that it is a drama. Some say that Job lived eighteen hundred years before Christ, others say that he never lived at all. Some say that the author of this book was Job; others, David; others, Solomon. The discussion has landed some in blank infidelity. Now, I have no trouble with the Books of Job or Revelation—the two most mysterious books in the Bible—because of a rule I adopted some years ago.

I wade down into a Scripture passage as long as I can touch bottom, and when I cannot then I wade out. I used to wade in until it was over my head and then I got drowned. I study a passage of Scripture so long as it is a comfort and help to my soul, but when it becomes a perplexity and a spiritual upturning I quit. In other words, we ought to wade in up to our heart, but never wade in until it is over our head. No man should ever expect to swim across this great ocean of divine truth. I go down into that ocean as I go down into the Atlantic Ocean at East Hampton, Long Island, just far enough to bathe; then I come out. I never had any idea that with my weak hand and feet I could strike my way clear over to Liverpool.

I suppose you understand your family genealogy. You know someting about your parents, your grandparents, your great-grandparents. Perhaps you know where they where born, or where they died. Have you ever studied the parentage of the shower, "Hath not the rain a father?" This question is not asked by a poetaster or a scientist, but by the head of the universe. To humble and to save Job God asks him fourteen questions: About the world's architecture, about the refraction of the sun's rays, about the tides, about the snow crystal, about the lightnings, and then He arraigns him with the interrogation of the text, "Hath the rain a father?"

With the scientific wonders of the rain I have nothing to do. A minister gets through with that kind of sermons within the first three years, and if he has piety enough he gets through with it in the first three months. A sermon has come to me to mean one word of four letters, "help!" You all know that the rain is not an orphan. You know it is not cast out of the gates of heaven a foundling. You would answer the question of my text in the affirmative.

Safely housed during the storm, you hear the rain beating against the window pane, and you find it searching all the crevices of the window sill. It first comes down in solitary drops, pattering the dust, and then it deluges the fields and angers the mountain torrents, and makes the traveler implore shelter. You know that the rain is not an accident of the world's economy. You know it was born of the cloud. You know it was rocked in the cradle of the wind. You know it was sung to sleep by the storm. You know that it is a flying evangel from heaven to earth. You know it is the gospel of the weather. You know that God is its father.

If this be true, then how wicked is our murmuring about climatic changes. The first eleven Sabbaths after I entered the ministry it stormed. Through the week it was clear weather, but on the Sabbaths the old country meeting house looked like Noah's ark before it landed. A few drenched people sat before a drenched pastor; but most of the farmers stayed at home and thanked God that what was bad for the church was good for the crops. I committed a good deal of sin in those days in denouncing the weather. Ministers of the Gospel sometimes fret about stormy Sabbaths or hot Sabbaths, or inclement Sabbaths. They forget the fact that the same God who ordained the Sabbath and sent forth his ministers to announce salvation also ordained the weather. "Hath the rain a father?"

Merchants, also, with their stores filled with new goods, and their clerks hanging idly around the counters, commit the same trangression. There have been seasons when the whole spring and fall trade has been ruined by protracted wet weather. The merchants then examined the "weather probabilities" with more interest than they read their Bibles. They watched for a patch of blue sky. They went complaining to the store and came complaining home again. In all that season of wet feet and dripping garments and impassable streets they never once asked the question, "Hath the rain a father?"

So agriculturists commit this sin. There is nothing more annoying than to have planted corn rot in the ground because of too much moisture, or nay all ready for the mow dashed of a shower, or wheat almost ready for the sickle spoiled with the rust. How hard it is to bear the agricultural disappointments. God has infinite resources, but I do not think He has capacity to make weather to please all the farmers. Sometimes it is too hot, or it is too cold; it is too wet, or it is too dry; it is too early, or it is too late. They forget that the God who promised seed time and harvest, summer and winter, cold and heat, also ordained all climatic changes. There is one question that ought to be written on every barn, on every fence, on every haystack, on every farmhouse, "Hath the rain a father?"

If you only knew what a vast enterprise it is to provide appropriate weather for this world we would not be so critical of the Lord. Isaac Watts at ten years of age complained that he did not like the hymns that were sung in the English chapel. "Well," said his father, "Isaac, instead of your complaining about the hymns, go and make hymns that are better." And he did go and make hymns that were better. Now, I say to you if you do not like the weather get up a weather company and have a president, and a secretary, and a treasurer, and a board of directors, and ten million dollars of stock, and then provide weather that will suit us all. There is a man who has a weak head, and he cannot stand the glare of the sun. You must have a cloud always hovering over him.

I like the sunshine; I cannot live without plenty of sunlight, so you must always have enough light for me. Two ships meet in mid-Atlantic. The one is going to Southampton and the other is coming to New York. Provide weather that, while it is abaft for one ship, it is not a head wind for the other. There is a farm that is dried up for the lack of rain, and there is a pleasure party going out for a field excursion. Provide weather that will suit the dry farm and the pleasure excursion. No, sirs, I will not take one dollar of stock in your weather company. There is only one Being in the universe who knows enough to provide the right kind of weather for this world. "Hath the rain a father?"

My text also suggests God's minute supervisal. You see the divine Sonship in every drop of rain. The jewels of the shower are not flung away by a spendthrift who knows not how many he throws or where they fall. They are all shining princes of heaven. They all have eternal lineage. They are all the children of a king. "Hath the rain a father?" Well, then, I say if God takes notice of every minute raindrop He will take notice of the most insignificant affair of my life. It is the astronomical view of things that bothers me.

We look up into the night heavens, and we say, "Worlds! worlds!" and how insignificant we feel! We stand at the foot of Mount Washington or Mont Blanc, and we feel that we are only insects, and then we say to ourselves, "Though the world is so large, the sun is one million four hundred thousand times larger." "Oh!" we say, "it is no use, if God wheels that great machinery through immensity He will not take the trouble to look down at me." Infidel conclusion. Saturn, Mercury and Jupiter are no more rounded and weighed and swung by the hand of God than are the globules on a lilac bush the morning after a shower.

God is no more in magnitudes than He is in minutiæ. If He has scales to weigh the mountains, He has balances delicate enough to weigh the infinitesimal. You can no more see Him through the telescope than you can see Him through the microscope; no more when you look up than when you look down. Are not the hairs of your head all numbered? And if Himalaya has a God, "Hath not the rain a father?" I take this doctrine of a particular Providence, and I thrust it into the very midst of your everyday life. If God fathers a raindrop, is there anything so insignificant in your affairs that God will not father that?

When Druyse, the gunsmith, invented the needle gun, which decided the battle of Sadowa, was it a mere accident? When a farmer's boy showed Blutcher a short cut by which he could bring his army up soon enough to decide Waterloo for England, was it a mere accident? When Lord Byron took a piece of money and tossed it up to decide whether or not he should be affianced to Miss Millbank, was it a mere accident which side of the money was up and which was down? When the Christian army was besiged at Baziers, and a drunken drummer came in at midnight and rang the alarm bell, not knowing what he was doing, but waking up the host in time to fight their enemies that moment arriving, was it was accident?

When in one of the Irish wars a starving mother, flying with her starving child, sank down and fainted on the rocks in the night and her hand fell on a warm bottle of milk, did that just happen so? God is either in the affairs of men or our religion is worth nothing at all, and you had better take it away from us, and instead of this Bible, which teaches the doctrine, give us a secular book, and let us, as the famous Mr. Fox, the member of parliament, in his last hour, cry out: "Read me the eighth book of Virgil."

Oh! my friends, let us rouse up to an appreciation of the fact that all the affairs of our life are under a king's command and under a father's watch. Alexander's war horse, Bucephalus, would allow anybody to mount him when he was unharnessed, but as soon as they put on that war horse, Bucephalus, the saddle and trappings of the conqueror he would allow no one but Alexander to touch him. And if a soulless horse could have so much pride in his owner, shall not we immortals exult in the fact that we are owned by a king? "Hath the rain a father?"

Again my subject teaches me that God's dealings with us are inexplicable. That was the original force of my text. The rain was a great mystery to the ancients. They could not understand how the water should get into the cloud, and getting there, how it should be suspended, or falling, why it should come down in drops. Modern science comes along and says there are two portions of air of different temperature, and they are charged with moisture, and the one portion of air decreases in temperature so the water may no longer be held in vapor, and it falls. And they tells us that some of the clouds that look to be only as large as a man's hand, and to be almost quiet in the heavens, are great mountains of mist four thousand feet from base to top, and that they rush miles a minute.

But after all the brilliant experiments of Dr. James Hutton, and Saussure, and other scientists, there is an infinite mystery about the rain. There is an ocean of the unfathomable in every raindrop, and God says today as He said in the time of Job, "If you cannot understand one drop of rain, do not be surprised if My dealings with you are inexplicable." Why does that aged man, decrepit, beggared, vicious, sick of the world, and the world sick of him, live on, while here is a man in mid life, consecrated to God, hard working, useful in every respect, who dies? Why does that old gossip, gadding along the street about everybody's business but her own, have such good health, while the Christian mother, with a flock of little ones about her whom she is preparing for usefulness and for heaven—the mother who you think could not be spared an hour from that household—why does she lie down and die with a cancer?

Why does that man, selfish to the core, go on adding fortune to fortune, consuming everything on himself, continue to prosper, while that man, who has been giving ten per cent. of all his income to God and the church, goes into bankruptcy? Before we make stark fools of ourselves, let us stop pressing this everlasting "why." Let us worship where we cannot understand. Let a man take that one question, "Why?" and follow it far enough, and push it, and he will land in wretchedness and perdition. We want in our theology fewer interrogation marks and more exclamation points. Heaven is the place for explanation. Earth is the place for trust. If you cannot understand so minute a thing as a raindrop, how can you expect to understand God's dealings? "Hath the rain a father?"

Again, my text makes me think that the rain of tears is of divine origin. Great clouds of trouble sometimes hover over us. They are black, and they are gorged, and they are thunderous. They are more portentious than Salvator or Claude ever painted—clouds of poverty, or persecution, or bereavement. They hover over us, and they get darker and blacker, and after awhile a tear starts, and we think by an extra pressure of the eyelid to stop it. Others follow, and after awhile there is a shower of tearful emotion. Yea, there is a rain of tears. "Hath that rain a father?"

"Oh," you say, "a tear is nothing but a drop of limpid fluid secreted by the lachrymal gland—it is only a sign of weak eyes." Great mistake. It is one of the Lord's richest benedictions to the world. There are people in Blackwell's Island insane asylum, and at Utica, and at all the asylums of this land, who were demented by the fact that they could not cry at the right time. Said a maniac in one of our public institutions, under a gospel sermon that started the tears: "Do you see that tear? that is the first I have wept for twelve years. I think it will help my brain."

There are a great many in the grave who could not stand any longer under the glacier of trouble. If that glacier had only melted into weeping they could have endured it. There have been times in your life when you would have given the world, if you had possessed it, for one tear. You could shriek, you could blaspheme, but you could not cry. Have you never seen a man holding the hand of a dead wife, who had been all the world to him? The temples livid with excitement, the eye dry and frantic, no moisture on the upper or lower lid. You saw there were bolts of anger in the cloud, but no rain. To your Christian comfort, he said, "Don't talk to me about God; there is no God, or if there is I hate Him; don't talk to me about God; would He have left me and these motherless children"

But a few hours or days after, coming across some lead pencil that she owned in life, or some letters which she wrote when he was away from home, with an outcry that appals, there bursts the fountain of tears, and as the sunlight of God's consolation strikes that fountain of tears, you find out that it is a tender-hearted, merciful, pitiful and all compassionate God who was the Father of that rain. "Oh," you say, "it is absurd to think that God is going to watch over tears." No, my friends. There are three or four kinds of them that God counts, bottles and eternizes. First, there are all parental tears, and there are more of these than any other kind, because the most of the race die in infancy, and that keeps parents mourning all around the world. They never get over it. They may live to shout and sing afterward, but there is always a corridor in the soul that is silent, though it once resounded.

My parents never mentioned the death of a child who died fifty years before without a tremor in the voice and a sigh, oh, how deep fetched! It was better she should die. It was a mercy she should die. She would have been a lifelong invalid. But you cannot argue away a parent's grief. How often you hear the moan: "Oh, my child, my child!" Then there are the filial tears. Little children soon get over the loss of parents. They are easily diverted with a new toy. But where is the man that has come to thirty or forty or fifty years of age, who can think of the old people without having all the fountains of his soul stirred up? You may have had to take care of her a good many years, but you never can forget how she used to take care of you.

There have been many sea captains converted in our church, and the peculiarity of them was that they were nearly all prayed ashore by their mothers, though the mothers went into the dust soon after they went to sea. Have you never heard an old man in delirium of some sickness call for his mother? The fact is we get so used to calling for her the first ten years of our life we never get over it, and when she goes away from us it makes deep sorrow. You sometimes, perhaps, in days of trouble and darkness, when the world would say, "You ought to be able to take care of yourself"—you wake up from your dreams finding yourself saying, "Oh, mother! mother!" Have these tears no divine origin? Why, take all the warm hearts that ever beat in all lands, and in all ages, and put them together and their united throb would be weak compared with the throb of God's eternal sympathy. Yes, God also is father of all that rain of repentance.

Did you ever see a rain of repentance? Do you know what it is that makes a man repent? I see people going around trying to repent. They cannot repent. Do you know no man can repent until God helps him to repent? How do I know? By this passage, "Him hath God exalted to be a prince and a Saviour to give repentance." Oh, it is a tremendous hour when one wakes up and says: "I am a bad man. I have not sinned against the laws of the land, but I have wasted my life; God asked me for my services and I haven't given those services. Oh, my sins; God forgive me." When that tear starts it thrills all heaven. An angel cannot keep his eyes off it, and the church of God assembles around, and there is a commingling of tears, and God is the Father of the rain, the Lord, long suffering, merciful and gracious.

In a religious assemblage a man arose and said: "I have been a very wicked man; I broke my mother's heart. I became an infidel, but I have seen my evil way, and I have surrendered my heart to God, but it is a grief that I never can get over that my parents should never have heard of my salvation; I don't know whether they are living or dead." While he was yet standing in the audience a voice from the gallery said, "Oh, my son, my son!" He looked up and he recognized her. It was his old mother. She had been praying for him a great many years, and when at the foot of the cross the prodigal son and the praying mother embraced each other, there was a rain, a tremendous rain, of tears, and God was the Father of those tears. Oh, that God would break us down with a sense of our sin, and then lift us up with an appreciation of His mercy. Tears over our wasted life. Tears over a grieved spirit. Tears over an injured father. Oh, that God would move upon this audience with a great wave of religious emotion!

The king of Carthage was dethroned. His people rebelled against him. He was driven into banishment. His wife and children were outrageously abused. Years went by, and the king of Carthage made many friends. He gathered up a great army. He marched again toward Carthage. Reaching the gates of Carthage the best men of the place came out barefooted and bareheaded and with ropes around their necks, crying for mercy. They said, "We abused you and we abused your family, but we cry for mercy." The king of Carthage looked down upon the people from his chariot and said: "I came to bless, I didn't come to destroy. You drove me out, but this day I pronounce pardon for all the people. Open the gates and let the army come in." The king marched in and took the throne, and the people all shouted, "Long live the king!"

My friends, you have driven the Lord Jesus Christ, the King of the church, away from your heart; you have been maltreating Him all these years; but He comes back today. He stands in front of the gates of your soul. If you will only pray for His pardon He will meet you with His gracious spirit and He will say: "Thy sins and thine iniquities I will remember no more. Open wide the gate I will take the throne. My peace I give unto you." And then, all through this audience, from the young and from the old, there will be a rain of tears, and God will be the father of that rain!

Chicago's Unique Scheme.

Unless negotiations which are now all but completed should fall through, and of that there is very little prospect, Chicago will soon add to her commercial enterprise one which will startle all creation. A syndicate has raised $4,000,000 for the establishment of a vast clearing house to be used by wholesale merchants. The site selected is at the intersection of Twelfth street and the Chicago River. The plan contemplates the erection of 150 brick buildings, each six stories high, all alike and all connected. L. W. Yaggy, of Lake Forest, a Chicago suburb, conceived the idea of this enormous undertaking. In these buildings wholesale merchants may receive goods from all railroads entering Chicago, store them in floors rented for the purpose and reship them at will. From the North Pacific Railroad have been leased thirty-two acres for ninety-nine years.

It is understood that the promoters of the scheme are to receive $1,000,000 in stock for their services, and that amount has already been paid in cash. Of the other $8,000,000 capital stock, $2,000,000 has been subscribed, the principal holders being wholesale merchants of Chicago. Railroad cars will reach the various floors of the 150 buildings by inclined tracks and the goods can thus be unloaded direct from the cars wherever the consignee has secured space. A circular railroad upon which small and specially built cars will run will be used to remove the goods. The buildings will be perfect as to construction and every demand of business will be met.

The thirty-two acres leased has a quarter of a mile frontage on Twelfth street. This frontage is alone worth $350,000 and the entire property is conservatively estimated as being worth $1,500,000. The Northern Pacific charges nothing for the lease, expecting to be sufficiently remunerated by freight charges over its line. From a real estate standpoint it is the greatest transaction in the history of Chicago. The company has not been incorporated and the name of those in the syndicate are yet kept secret. H. I. Cobb is the architect employed by the syndicate and General Sooy Smith is to be the chief engineer. It is expected that the buildings will be completed in about a year.—*St. Louis Republic.*

Light to Tell the Time.

Some English electricians have introduced an electric light apparatus for illuminating the face of a watch at any hour of the night. It is made of a small divided case, with a minute incandescent lamp and reflector fixed in the rim and made hollow, so that the watch may be laid inside the case, and upon pressing a small stud the face of the watch is brilliantly illuminated.

The electricity is supplied by a small dry battery, which may be attached to any part of the bed or in any part of the room and connected with the watch-case by a flexible cord.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

MOSCOW.

Moscow and Livadia—or, more properly speaking, the Crimea—yield two representative glimpses of the extremes of life in Russia. Moscow brings up commercial activity and wintry weather; the Crimea, aristocracy, pleasure, and the balmy south. Moscow in the winter is not without its delights, though the ground be frozen so as it seems beyond hope of ever thawing, though the snow lie deep in the fields around. The beauty of the sights around you, of common everyday incidents on a winter's day—that is, of a good hard winter—in this quaint fantastic city, is not to be forgotten. There is hardly any other place like it. For Moscow is the meeting place of the East and the West, as of the spirit of old times with that of the new. Around the embattled Kremlin—a fortress—the girdled enclosure, which on its tabled heights protects the core of the empire most sacred to the patriotic Russian; where are found the most ancient holy churches, and the early wooden palace of the Dukes of Moscovy, to say nothing of the wondrous Palace of Treasures, where so many crowns of conquered countries, such as Kazan, Astrakhan, Poland, &c., signs of Russia's aggressive growth and power, are gathered together;—around this embodiment of conservatism it is something startling to find that your journey is performed on the most modern of conveyances, a tram-line. Its rails intersect the city in all directions, the lean but sure-footed horses, reinforced in number at the foot, drawing the loaded cars up such hills as would not be dreamt of nearer home. It was with a curious feeling that we sallied forth on our first expedition in Moscow by daylight (the very first was to see the Kremlin by moonlight, a scene of weird beauty). The snow lay thick upon the ground, many degrees of frost in the still air compelled the warmest furs and over-boots to come into use, but, the slight difficulty of breathing once overcome, the bright sun and the clear atmosphere made it joy to be out. The ringing of the car upon the metals came near, in we jumped, but lo! all the windows were covered with hoar-frost, which completely shut out the passing view; only the horses with their rough, rime-besprinkled coats, smoking all the way, could be seen when the end door was occasionally opened. We suddenly seemed to come out into full life on alighting, finding a busy street, with the broad snow-covered side-walk, haunted by hawkers of oranges, apples, and many-colored light woollen wares under the lofty white wall of the outer line of fortification; on the right the handsome front of the new Natural History Museum, the street a little further opening out into one of the open squares or *Places* which are one attraction of the city. A few steps more and there was a brilliant vision; just over the shoulder of the white curving wall appeared the many-colored or gilt towers and cupolas of a picturesque old church bathed in sunshine, while the buildings stretched away into the gray street beyond formed a varied background.

As you pass along the busy streets how much there is for the new-comer! Do you want a sledge to carry you and your parcels home?—"*Izvoretchik!*" you call out, naming where you want go to. Up comes a little contrivance for two; the driver, in fur cap and sheepskin-lined long coat, girt with a soft-colored girdle, from his seat offers you a price. Indignantly you reply with a figure reduced by one-third, or whatever experience has taught you is fair, and walk on as though you did not care the least. Perhaps some others come up, and presently you hear a voice behind cry, "*Pajoulsta!*" (if you please,) and the bargain is made; you may get in, wrap your *shuba* about you, and are carried off on your own terms. Look as you go along at the strange sign-boards; every man puts out pictures of the wares he has to sell. Thus the green-grocer's carrots and turnips, with apples skilfully disposed about a cabbage, may hang next to the stiff felt boots and the elegant shoes displayed by the bootmaker; a cutler will depict his knives and scissors, a tailor the garments he makes, and so on. These signs are all considered of such importance as to be under the strict supervision of the police. We pass these by and are struck by the variety of color all around. One moment it is a church in scarlet and white, the cupolas of a deep blue, sprinkled with silver stars, emulating the sky by night; another, a salmon-colored building topped by its green iron roof all flecked with snow; a rosy wall succeeds a brown or yellow house, while a bright blue church with golden cupolas is round the corner. Together with unevenness, the hills and the dales on which the town is planted, the stark-looking trees in the numerous gardens and boulevards,—all these, softened by the veil of powdery snow under the clear sunshine, compose a set of pictures of quite unusual interest and winter beauty.

Opinions Change

When a man gets old enough to know himself thoroughly he begins to entertain cynical opinions of the whole human race.—Indianapolis Journal.

The oldest building in Boston has just been sold. It is a wooden structure on Salem street and was built in 1627. This building is now used for stores, with tenements above them. It is intended to tear down the present building and erect a brick structure for business purposes.

In Southern Oregon there is a forest 16,000, miles in extent, with an estimated amount of merchantable timber of 400,000,000,000 feet. At $10 per 1,000 feet the proceeds would pay our National debt twice over.

The total length of the streets, avenues, boulevards, bridges, quays and thoroughfares of Paris is set down at 600 miles, of which nearly 200 are planted with trees.

Physicians of this country are paid annually nearly $1 500,000 for medical examinations for life insurance companies. Three companies pay over $250,000 each.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

SUNDAY, JULY 19, 1891.

Christ's First Miracle.

LESSON TEXT.

(John 2 : 1-11. Memory verses: 1-5.)

LESSON PLAN.

TOPIC OF THE QUARTER: *Jesus the Son of God.*

GOLDEN TEXT FOR THE QUARTER *These are written, that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing ye might have life through his name.*—John 20 : 31.

LESSON TOPIC: *The Son's Wonderful Works.*

LESSON OUTLINE:
1. Need Discovered, vs. 1-4.
2. Means Used, vs. 5-8.
3. Success Attained, vs. 9-11.

GOLDEN TEXT: *This beginning of miracles did Jesus in Cana of Galilee, and manifested forth his glory.*—John 2 : 11.

DAILY HOME READINGS:

M.—John 2 : 1-11. Christ's first miracle.
T.—Isa. 35 : 1-10. Christ's miracles foretold.
W.—Isa. 42 : 1-16. Christ's miracles foretold.
T.—Matt. 11 : 1-15. Import of Christ's miracles.
F.—John 2 : 13-23. Effects of Christ's miracles.
S.—John 5 : 1-16. Opposed because of his miracles.
S.—John 5 : 17-38. Witnessing power of miracles.

LESSON ANALYSIS.

I. NEED DISCOVERED.

I. Jesus In Social Life:

Jesus also was bidden, and his disciples (2).
In the house of Simon the leper, ... he sat at meat (Mark 14 : 3).
Martha received him into her house (Luke 10 : 38).
He had sat down with them to meat (Luke 24 : 30).
They made him a supper there: and Martha served (John 12 : 2).

II. Wants Disclosed to Jesus:

The mother of Jesus saith unto him, They have no wine (3).
Only say the word, and my servant shall be healed (Matt. 8 : 8).
Save Lord: we perish (Matt. 8 : 25).
Send them away, that they may go. . . . and buy (Mark 6 : 36).
Rabboni, that I may receive my sight (Mark 10 : 51).

III. Jesus Biding his Time:

Jesus saith, ... mine hour is not yet come (4).
My time is not yet come; but your time is always ready (John 7 : 6).
I go not up; . . . . because my time is not yet fulfilled (John 7 : 8).
No man took him; because his hour was not yet come (John 8 : 20).
Father, the hour is come; glorify thy Son (John 17 : 1).

1. "There was a marriage in Cana of Galilee." (1) A marriage feast; (2) A notable company; (3) A marvelous deed; (4) A beneficial result.
2. "The mother of Jesus saith unto him." (1) The mother's freedom; (2) The Son's frankness.—(1) The mother and her suggestion; (2) The Son and his response.
3. "Mine hour is not yet come." (1) Conscious of appointed destiny; (2) Patient under appointed duty.

II. MEANS USED.

I. Wise Counsel:

Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it (5).
The tongue of the wise is health (Prov. 12 : 18).
A word in due season, how good is it! (Prov. 15 : 23).
By wise guidance thou shalt make thy war (Prov. 24 : 6).
A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold (Prov. 25 : 11).

II. Full Obedience:

Fill the waterpots . . . . They filled them up to the brim (7).
To obey is better then sacrifice (1 Sam. 15 : 22).
He that is wise hearkeneth unto counsel (Prov. 12 : 15).
We must obey God rather than men (Acts 5 : 29).
Ye became obedient from the heart (Rom. 6 : 17).

III. Fair Testing.

Draw out now, and bear unto the ruler of the feast (8).
O taste and see that the Lord is good (Psa. 34 : 8).
Ask for the old paths, where is the good way (Jer. 6 : 16).
Prove me now herewith, saith the Lord (Mal. 3 : 10).
Prove all things; hold fast that which is good (1 Thess. 5 : 21).

1. "Whatsoever he saith unto you do it." (1) Command anticipated; (2) Obedience directed.—(1) Instructed of Jesus; (2) Submissive to Jesus.
2. "Fill the waterpots with water. And they filled them." (1) Explicit command; (2) Implicit obedience.
3. "Draw out now, and bear unto the ruler of the feast." (1) The worker of the miracle: (2) The bearers of the wine; (3) The ruler of the feast.—(1) The workers; (2) The work; (3) The Judge.

III. SUCCESS ATTAINED.

1. Securing a Good Gift:

Thou hast kept the good wine until now (10).
That every man should . . . . enjoy good . . . . is the gift of God (Eccl. 3-13).
Yea, come, buy wine and milk without money (Isa. 55:1).
How much more shall your Father . . . . give good things (Matt. 7:11).
God, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy (1 Tim. 6;17).

II. Manifesting the Lord's Glory:

This . . . . did Jesus, . . . and manifested his glory (11).
The glory of the Lord shall be revealed (Isa. 40:5).
He was transfigured before them (Matt. 17:2).
And we beheld his glory (John (1:14).
Said I not, . . . thou shouldst see the glory of God? (John 11:40).

II. Confirming the Lord's Disciples:

And his disciples believed on him (11).
His disciples remembered; . . . and they believed (John 2:22).
And himself believed, and his whole house (John 4:53).
Many . . . . which . . . . beheld, . . . believed on him (John 11:45).
By reason of him many . . . believed on Jesus (John 12:11).

1. "But the servants which had drawn the water know." (1) The proffered wine; (2) The knowing servants; (3) The ignorant ruler. (4) The impartial judgment.
2. "This beginning of his signs did Jesus in Cana." (1) Cana the favored spot; (2) Jesus the mighty worker; (3) Good the grand result.
3. "His disciples believed on him." (1) As the Messiah; (2) Because of his works; (3) With all their heart.

LESSON BIBLE READING.

MIRACLES.

Wrought by the Father (Acts 15:12; 19:11; Heb. 2:4).
Wrought by the Son (Matt. 10:1; Acts 14:3).
Wrought by the Holy Ghost (Matt. 12:28; Rom. 15:19).
Wrought in Jesus' name (Mark 16:17, 18; Acts 3:6, 16).
Display God's power (John 3:2; 9:3).
Display the Lord's glory (John 2:11; 11:4).
Prove a divine commission (Exod. 4:1-5; Mark 16:20).
Prove the Lord's Messiahship (Matt 11. 2-6; John 5;36).
Should produce faith (John 2:23; 20:30, 31).
Should produce obedience (Deut. 11:1-3; 29:2,3,9).

LESSON SURROUNDINGS.

INTERVENING EVENTS.—On the fourth day, referred to in John 1, Jesus prepares to go into Galilee. Finding Philip of Bethsaida, he bids him follow him. Philip finds Nathanael, and tells him that Jesus of Nazareth is the one predicted in the Old Testament. Nathanael answers, "Can any good things come out of Nazareth?" Philip tells him, "Come and see." Jesus, seeing Nathanael coming, talks with him in a way that shows his superhuman knowledge, and Nathanael utters his belief in him as the Messiah. Jesus tells of what greater things shall yet be made manifest. The departure to Galilee probably took place on that day.

PLACE.—Cana of Galilee, the home of Nathanael (John 21:2). Robinson indentifies it with Kana-el-Jelil, or Khurbet Kana, about nine miles north of Nazareth. The traditional site is Kefr-Kenna, about four and a half miles north of Nazareth. Still another locality, nearer Nazareth, has been suggested by Captain Conder.

TIME.—"The third day" is probably to be reckoned from the day of the departure into Galilee; that is, the fourth day spoken of in John 1. This would be counted as the first, and the intervening day as the second, the day of the marriage being the third. Other reckonings are suggested, to allow a longer period for traveling to Cana. But, in any view of the location of Bethany, or Bethabara, Cana could be reached on the third day. The date may be placed near the beginning of March, A. U. C. 780; that is A. D. 27.

PERSONS.—The mother of Jesus (whom John never names); Jesus and his disciples, probably the five referred to in chapter 1; the servants; the ruler of the feast and the bridegroom. There have been many conjectures as to the last person, but nothing whatever is known.

INCIDENTS.—The marriage in Cana; the failure of the wine at the feast. The mother of Jesus tells him of this; he replies, as if declining to interpose; his mother bids the servants do what he tells them; the waterpots of stone are filled with water at the command of Jesus; the servants draw out, and bear unto the ruler of the feast, who tastes, and, finding it "good wine," calls the bridegroom, and tells him that, contrary to custom, he has kept the wine until the end of the feast. The evangelist remarks on the sign and its effect.

There is no parallel passage.

Keeping the Rooms Sweet.

Those who do "light housekeeping," as it is termed, in small rooms, where they must sleep, cook and eat, often complain that in spite of continual airings there is a disagreeable odor. One nice way to rid yourself of it is this: After the usual morning's airing take a shovel, or iron dish, and make a close pile of bits of paper, and on top sprinkle grated orange peeling, or tiny broken pieces of it. Then set it on fire and let it burn slowly, or as long as it will. Save and dry your orange peelings for this purpose, as it imparts a delightful, fragrant odor to a room. By the way, a very small oil stove will not only heat a little room, but more cooking can be done on it than is generally supposed. A lady whose home is one "hall bedroom," has made a beautiful little sitting room out of it and heats it with a 75-cent oil stove. It costs her 25 cents a week, as she burns that amount of astral oil. She can also cook a small chicken on this stove and recently stewed one deliciously by putting it in a deep oval dish. Oval shaped dishes are best to cook in whenever the small one-wicked stove is of the same shape.—[New York News.

Care of Children's Teeth.

Very few mothers realize the necessity of caring for and properly preserving a child's first teeth, so that they shall drop naturally out of the jaw, without decay, when the time comes. As soon as the child is able to eat solid food the teeth should be taken note of. When the little one is three or four there will often be decayed spots in the teeth. These cavities should be treated at once by a dentist, and filled with the soft, temporary cement, such as dentists use for this purpose. This care of the first teeth not only prevents the child's acute suffering with toothache, but it keeps the mouth in a cleanly, wholesome condition, which conduces to sound bodily health. The presence in the mouths of little children of foully decayed teeth is given, on trustworthy authority, as a frequent cause of diphtheritic and other fungoid diseases. Were it not for these reasons, it would still be desirable to preserve them to the proper time; for where the teeth are removed too early the jaw does not enlarge further, and when the permanent teeth come in there is not room for them. This a fruitful cause for the lapping and protuding teeth which are so often seen and are exceedingly ugly.

The first permanent teeth come in when the child is about six years of age. These are molars, and they come back of the milk teeth. A few years after the child begins to feel the front teeth loosening; and when the teeth have been properly attended to, these teeth may be taken out by the child with its own fingers, with little or no loss of blood. The permanent tooth is underneath, and it is pushing against the milk tooth and absorbing the root, that causes the milk tooth to come out. The writer has seen children take out their canine teeth (the eye and stomach teeth) with their fingers, in perfectly sound condition, the root having been entirely absorbed by the new teeth. Children whose first teeth have been thoroughly cared for have stronger and better teeth when the permanent teeth come. At least once in six months a mother should examine the teeth of her children with an eye to possible cavities, and when necessary, see a dentist without delay. Nothing is more absurd than to tell a child who is put into a dentist's chair that he is not to be hurt. Tell him firmly that he will be hurt, but that the pain will last but a short time and he must bear it bravely. Little ones of six will often endure the tortures of a dentist's chair with more bravery than strong men, when they know what to expect.

"Why don't you fight," he said to the big man, "instead of standing there and howling and swearing?"

"Fight? Why, that's the way I always fight."

"German Syrup"

Asthma. "I have been a great sufferer from Asthma and severe Colds every Winter, and last Fall my friends as well as myself thought because of my feeble condition, and great distress from constant coughing, and inability to raise any of the accumulated matter from my lungs, that my time was close at hand. When nearly worn out for want of sleep and rest, a friend recommended me to try thy valuable medicine, **Gentle, Refreshing Sleep.** Boschee's German Syrup. I am confident it saved my life. Almost the first dose gave me great relief and a gentle refreshing sleep, such as I had not had for weeks. My cough began immediately to loosen and pass away, and I found myself rapidly gaining in health and weight. I am pleased to inform thee—unsolicited—that I am in excellent health and do certainly attribute it to thy Boschee's German Syrup. C. B. STICKNEY, Picton, Ontario."

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THE DAY OF LIBERTY.

BY W. B. HOLDEN.

"We hold these truths to be self-evident," wrote Thomas Jefferson, "That all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed."

Now it is a singular fact that at the time the Declaration of Independence was promulgated these truths were by no means "self-evident," indeed a great many colonists, in common with the royalists, held exactly the contrary view.

It is not difficult to trace the rise of nations. First, the little colony, all of one family, or nearly related; then the village, with an elective chief; then a district, with an hereditary ruler, and finally a nation, with a king, or perhaps an autocrat.

There is not the slighest doubt that in the beginning all men *were* equal and that governments *did* derive their powers from the consent of the people governed, but when Thomas Jefferson wrote these truths had, long since been forgotten.

From fear, ignorance or motives of self-interest, it was held by the vast majority of mankind that the king was the source of all power; that liberty and the pursuit of happiness, even life itself, was a gift from the king; and that all men were created in classes, arranged like a pyramid, with the king on top, and every class having the right to oppress all others below it.

Not only did the ruling classes, as they were called, believe in these ideas, but the peasants, the lowest class of all, dutifully accepted such teaching, and submitted to fate with only slight murmuring.

It was this state of affairs that the Revolutionary leaders were confronted with. At different periods in the world's history, the people had risen and deposed or killed their rulers, and there had been republics formed, but the people had never before dared to assert or strive to maintain that they were the source of power, and the Declaration of Independence was unique.

At the present day the condition of affairs has been almost completely reversed. With the exception of Oriental countries, or those still sunk in barbarism, the majority of mankind vigorously deny the divine right of kings. Even in Russia, where the Czar rules with autocratic power, the people are not deceived; they submit, simply because the times are not yet ripe for revolt.

With this single exception, all civilized people have now established their right to make the laws that govern them; and, except the Czar, all rulers have admitted that they derive their just powers from the consent of the governed.

Better than all, we have to chronicle the wonderful growth of true republics and the consequent down all of monarchies.

For years, the little republic of Switzerland stood alone in Europe; but now that it has been joined by France, there is every reason to believe that other nations will follow their example. Spain and Portugal have a strong republican party, while Italy, Greece and Servia are very restive under monarchial rule.

America is now a continent of republics. Some European nations have dependencies on this side of the Atlantic, but the people are dependent only in name.

The British possessions in North America are virtually independent, and can be actually so at any time without provoking any warlike measures on the part of the parent government. Nowadays, revolutions are mainly peaceful, as witness the recent deposition of the Emperor of Brazil.

Africa has three republics in Liberia, Transvaal and the Orange Free State, while Asia, alone of the continents, possesses no republic within its limits.

Australia, which is a continent in itself, is practically a republic, holding only nominal allegiance to Great Britian, and recently the question of an Australian confederation has been freely discussed.

Thus the day of liberty may be said to have fairly dawned. America's Independence Day was the first gleam of light that has never been extinguished, and it is not too much to anticipate that when our country closes its second century of existence there will not be an hereditary monach, much less an absolute ruler, on the face of the earth. —*Golden Days.*

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FITS: All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $1.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St. Phila., Pa.

According to the last census there were twenty-six fifteen-year-old married women in Paris.

The average cost of constructing a mile of railroad in the United States at the present time is about $30,000.

Afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 35c. per bottle

Electric boats are being made.

The hand of time deals lightly with a woman in perfect health. But all functional derangements and disorders peculiar to women leave their mark. You needn't have them. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription comes to your rescue, as no other medicine can. It cures them. For periodical pains, prolapsus and other displacements, bearing-down sensations, and all "female complaints" and weaknesses, it is a positive remedy. It is a powerful, restorative tonic and nervine, imparting strength to the whole system in general, and to the uterine organs and appendages in particular. It keeps years from your face and figure—but adds years to your life. It's *guaranteed* to give satisfaction in every case. If it doesn't, your money is returned.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT ESTABLISHED 1810.

For Internal and External Use.

Stops Pain, Cramps, Inflammation in body or limb, like magic. Cures Croup, Asthma, Colds, Catarrh, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhœa, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Lameback, Stiff Joints and Sprains. Full particulars free. Price 25 cts. post-paid. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

The first known weather record was kept by Walter Merle for the years 1337 to 1344. A few photographic copies of the original Latin manuscript—now in the Bodleian Library—have just been made.

Mothers should watch carefully those signs of ill health in their daughters, and at once use Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It will prove a lasting blessing.

The metal in a five cent nickel piece is worth about half a cent, and fifteen cents will purchase copper enough to make $2 worth of cents.

"Don't feel well," and yet you are not sick enough to consult a doctor,—we will tell you just what you need. It is Hood's Sarsaparilla, which will lift you out of that uncertain, uncomfortable, dangerous condition, into a state of good health, confidence and cheerfulness.

The Frankfort (German) Electrical Exhibition will be furnished with lights, and its machinery will be operated from a distance of 107 miles,

"A Great Medicine."

DURANT, MISS., Feb. 8, 1890.

My wife is using Floraplexion with the greatest effects. She says it is the greatest medicine she ever used." PETER BANKS.

Floraplexion is the speedy and permanent cure for Sick Headache, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Liver Complaint, Nervous Debility and Consumption. It is the only sure cure for these complaints. Ask your druggist for it, and get well.

A waterproof paper has lately been invented that will even stand boiling.

RUPTURE. Feb. 9th, '91—Some people do not believe that Rupture can be cured. I know it can as I was badly ruptured for 29 years and Dr. J. B. Mayer, 831 Arch St., Philadelphia, entirely cured me 5 years ago. Dr. Mayer also gives treatment at the Hotel Penn, Reading, Pa., on the 2nd Saturday of each month.

To a landsman it would seem that a cutter should be at home in a chopping sea

Common brown sugar may be the sweetest, but loaf sugar is more refined.

"Mamma, mayn't I take the part of a milkmaid at the fancy ball?"

"You are too little."

"Well, I can be a condensed milkmaid."

Winks—I don't like Hardhead.

Mink—He's a fellow who thinks he knows it all, isn't he?

Winks—Worse. He does know it all, and proves it.

Harry—Boo-hoo! boo-hoo. Freddy Jones keeps hitting me.

Nurse—An' why don't you hit him back?

Harry—I did hit him first and it did'nt do any good.

"Talk about your spoon fad," said the brakeman, as he waved his cap to a girl at the last station. "I'd like to see a daisier collection of spoons than mine."

"No sir," exclaimed the politician at the ward caucus, "there is too much talk about helping politicians. All we want is to be allowed to help ourselves."

It is curious about people who cannot sleep nights. They can always sleep through chore time in the morning.

Alas! Already.—'George dear, will you love me when I am old?"

"What a silly question, Penelope. Of course I do."

Painter: Doctor, I should like to present this painting to some public institution; now which would you recommend?

Doctor: The Blind Asylum.

Customer—Are you sure this bread is fresh, baker?

Fresh Baker—Well, I should say so, it's to-morrow's.

HUMOROUS.

Full measure—Ten dollars or ten days.

Natural philosophy—Taking care of number one.

The detectives business should be a successful following.

The woman who "broke into song" now has a cracked voice.

She—Is Jack trying for the chorus?
He—Well, he must be, if they are at all sensitive.

The agitation over electrocution is certainly an important branch of current history.

Now a tack combine is forming. Who will be brave enough to "sit down" on it?

There is no menace implied when a manufacturing dentist shows his teeth.

The office may seek the man; but the boy looking for a job comes down on it like a mob.

Most people wouldn't have so many troubles if they didn't spend so much time talking about them.

The man who would climb the ladder of Fame mustn't linger too long on each round of applause.

There never was a man who failed in business who did not claim it was because he was too honest.

Incandescents are a comparatively modern invention, but ark lights were used at the time of the flood.

The man who wants to put his money into some concern that will never go up should invest in a flying machine.

The Prince of Wales is suffering from rheumatism. It was brought on, probably, by the recent exposure concerning his debts.

She—A penny for your thoughts.
He—But they are worth their weight in gold.
She—Well, a half penny then.

An Indianapolis man has lived thirteen years with his wife and does not know her first name. He probably calls her "Say."

In France some soldiers are trained to ride the bicycle. We presume the first thing they have to acquire is the right wheel.

Fond Papa—I've brought you home an English pug, my dear.
Enraptured Daughter—Oh, you dear, good papa; it's just like you.

Mrs. Pinkham's letters from ladies in all parts of the world average One Hundred per day. She has never failed them, and her fame is world wide.

You can sometimes remove the soreness from a sprain or a wrench with a porous plaster, but you can't remove a porous plaster with a wrench.

The man who in a sudden shower
Shares your umbrella on the street,
Is always very sure to be
Taller than you by several feet.

Deafness Can't Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that we cannot cure by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists 75 cents.

Metals are found to corrode much faster when in galvanic connection than otherwise.

SYRUP of FIGS

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N. Y.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. Sure relief Price 25 cts. **ASTHMA.** by mail. Stowell & Co. Charlestown, Mass.

FOR FIFTY YEARS.

Swift Specific S. S. S. has a record enjoyed by no other medicine. For over fifty years it has been curing all sorts of blood trouble from an ordinary pimple to the worst types of scrofula and blood poison.

Considered Wonderful.

Mr. Henry V. Smith, of Belmont, West Virginia, says: "He considers his cure of Scrofula by S. S. S., one of the most wonderful on record. He had the disease of the worst type all his life until he was 22 years of age, and his whole youth was embittered by it. Of course he had all sorts of treatment, but nothing benefited him permanently until he took S. S. S. which cleansed the poison from his system, and cured him sound and well."

S. S. S. IS PURELY VEGETABLE, AND IS HARMLESS TO THE MOST DELICATE CHILD.

Books on Blood and Skin Diseases Free.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

Shoot the Spy

A cough or cold is a spy which has stealthily come inside the lines of health and is there to discover some vulnerable point in the fortification of the constitution which is guarding your well-being. That point discovered the spy reports it to the enemy on the outside. The enemy is the changeable winter climate. If the cold gets in, look out for an attack at the weak point. To avoid this, shoot the spy, kill the cold, using SCOTT'S EMULSION of pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda as the weapon. It is an expert cold slayer, and fortifies the system against *Consumption, Scrofula, General Debility, and all Anæmic and Wasting Diseases* (*specially in Children*). Especially helpful for children to prevent their taking cold. Palatable as Milk.

SPECIAL.—Scott's Emulsion is non-secret, and is prescribed by the Medical Profession all over the world, because its ingredients are scientifically combined in such a manner as to greatly increase their remedial value.

CAUTION.—Scott's Emulsion is put up in salmon-colored wrappers. Be sure and get the genuine. Prepared only by Scott & Bowne, Manufacturing Chemists, New York. Sold by all Druggists.

PISO'S REMEDY FOR CATARRH.—Best. Easiest to use. Cheapest. Relief is immediate. A cure is certain. For Cold in the Head it has no equal.

CATARRH

It is an Ointment, of which a small particle is applied to the nostrils. Price, 50c. Sold by druggists or sent by mail. [illegible] Pa.

Good Wives

grow fair in the light of their works, especially if they use SAPOLIO: It is a solid cake of scouring soap used for all cleaning purposes. All grocers keep it.

LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST by many a woman who strives to please her household and works herself to death in the effort. If the house does not look as bright as a pin, she gets the blame—if things are upturned while house-cleaning goes on—why blame her again. One remedy is within her reach. If she uses SAPOLIO everything will look clean, and the reign of house-cleaning disorder will be quickly over.

KEEP OUR ARTISTS BUSY DURING THE SUMMER.

For the purpose of introducing our FINE LINE of **CRAYON PORTRAITS** and at the same time extend our business, we have decided to make this offer for a short time only. Send us a photograph or tin type of any description, of yourself or any member of your family, living or dead, and we will make you a life size Vignette Bust CRAYON PORTRAIT **FREE** provided you exhibit it to your friends as a sample of our work. We warrant our Portraits *first class, and perfect in likeness.* We guarantee the safe return of your small photo, either by mail or with the enlarged picture. Write your name and address on back of photo., and enclose stamps for its return, and mail to [P. O. Box 838.] PHILADELPHIA CRAYON CO., 104 to 108 N. 10th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

CANCER is such a dread disease, its effects so loathsome, its results so sure and fatal, that it is sometimes thought not in good form to write or talk about it. When, however, a method of absolute and permanent cure for cancer without the use of knife or plaster has been discovered, and after years of trial most thoroughly tested, the good of humanity requires that it be made public to the widest extent possible. MASON'S Vegetable Cancer Cure is the greatest triumph of the age. No cutting, no chloroform or ether, nor does the cancer ever return. Send for book containing full particulars of treatment. Testimonials of *living cures* and other information. **PERMANENTLY CURED.** Dr. ABBOTT M. MASON, Chatham, N.Y.

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever.
DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S
Oriental Cream, or Magical Beautifier

Purifies as well as Beautifies the skin. No other cosmetic will do it. Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth-Patches, Rash and skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 40 years; no other has, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayer, said to a lady of the HAUTTON (a patient): — "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations." Also Poudre Subtile removes superfluous hair without injury to the skin.

FERD. T. HOPKINS, Proprietor, 37 Great Jones Street, New York.

For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers throughout the U. S., Canada and Europe.

A New Use for Petroleum

The most marvellous results are now being obtained from the use of petroleum in the treatment of catarrh of the head and throat and lung troubles. Send for pamphlet free describing the new treatment to the HEALTH SUPPLIES CO., 710 Broadway, New York

FITS STOPPED FREE Marvelous Success. Insane Persons Restored. Dr. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER for all BRAIN & NERVE DISEASES. Only sure cure for Nerve Affections, Fits, Epilepsy, etc. INVALUABLE if taken as directed. No Fits after first day's use. Treatise and $1 trial bottle free to Fit patients, they paying express charges on box when received. Send names, P.O. and express address of afflicted to DR. KLINE, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. See Druggists. BEWARE OF IMITATING FRAUDS.

SICK WEAK, NERVOUS, WRETCHED mortals get well and keep well. *Health Helper* tells how. 50 cts. a year. Sample copy free. Dr. J. H. DYE, Editor, Buffalo, N. Y.

HAY FEVER & ASTHMA CURED TO STAY CURED We want the name and address of every sufferer in the U. S. and Canada. Address P. Herold Hayes, M.D., Buffalo, N.Y.

THE CENTRE REPORTER

FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Prop'r

TERMS:—One year, $1.50, when paid in advance. Those in arrears subject to previous terms. $2 per year.

Advertisements 20 cents per line for 3 insertions, and 5 cents for each subsequent insertion.

CENTRE HALL, PA., THURS, JULY 23.

RACKET STORE NEWS!

BELLEFONTE, JUNE 4, 1891.

Just in. A new line all wool and cotton Challis. Fast Black Plaids, Stripes and Mulls, Chantilli and Spanish Lace Flouncings and Demi Flouncings, Trimming Laces, all width. The new Silver, Gold and Oxydised Guimp. The largest and best assortment of late style Dress Goods in the city. An immense assortment of Gloria Silk Umbrellas and Sun Shades, lace covered and fancy plaid all Silk Parasols. Our Shoe Department occupies a space 20x40 feet and is a very interesting part of the Store for Racket Buyers.

LOCAL ITEMS.

WHAT SHE EXCELS IN.

A woman cannot bait a hook,
Or kill a mouse or rat;
Without a glass in which to look,
She can't put on her hat.

A woman cannot throw a stone,
And hit a thing kerplunk,
But bless her, she, and she alone,
Knows how to pack a trunk.

The duds that she can stow away
If man should pack them, are
So multitudinous that they
Would fill a baggage care.

——Read McCalmont's article on fertilizers.

——Maj. Huss, Linden Hall's leading citizen, was in town.

——Miss Sarah Deininger leaves this week for Altoona where she will visit friends.

——Mr. F. G. Franciscus, of Lewistown is spending several days of this week in this vicinity.

——G. Wash Reese, clerk in the Bellefonte postoffice, was in town Saturd ay morning.

——Miss Anna Ruble, of Iola, Kansas, spent several days this week with friends in town.

——Mr. Clark Gramley and wife, of Rebersburg, were the guests of G. W. Ocker's, one day this week.

——Simon Dinges, clerk in an insurance office for several months at Williamsport, is at home for a short time.

——Mr. Benj. Corl, a well known and highly esteemed farmer, of Ferguson township, died a few days ago, at an advanced age.

——Mrs. Eisenberg's flower beds are not going to rank anywhere down to No. 2, inthis town—too good taste and variety in them for that.

——The down towners are complaining of the nightly concerts given by a hound, and threaten dire vengeance upon the disturber of their slumbers.

——The following is printed in the Dauphin county marriage licenses. James Garis, of Centre Hall, Centre county, and Catharine A. Kratzer, of Pillow, Dauphin county.

——James Wood, a little boy of Loch Lomond, near Philipsburg, drowned while bathing in the old mill dam basin, at that place, on Saturday afternoon last. He was eleven years old.

——J. S. Raudenbush, one of the most successful merchants, and highly esteemed citizens of Buffalo Valley, died at his home in Vicksburg on Saturday evening, in the sixty-fifth year of his age.

——Charley Slack, a student at the Centre Hall station, completed his course a few days ago and left for his home at Potters Mills. Charley was quite popular and will be missed by the frequenters at the depot.

——There is a laundryman in Paris who has discarded all soaps and bleaching powders in his establishment. He merely uses plenty of water and boiled potatoes, and can cleanse without employing any alkali, the most soiled of linens, cottons or woolens.

——An exchange says: "A little camphor sprinkled on window sills is much more effective in keeping flies out of a house than window screens. The kitchen can be rid of flies by sprinkling a little camphor occasionally on the kitchen stove." It is worth trying.

——A correspondent in the Lewistown *Gazette* tells how Eddie Rush, of Altoona, while on a visit to Ferguson valley, Mifflin county, knocked a big black snake out of a tree, and upon killing it and opening it found that it had swallowed five fine squirrels.

——The following we clip from the Lock Haven *Democrat* and concerns gentlemen who several years ago were located in Centre Hall and practiced their profession. "Dr. J. C. McEntire, the popular dentist, who has an establishment at Williamsport, has opened a branch office in Milton, in which he has the assistance of a partner, Dr. H. A. Krumrine, who learned the business with him. Dr. McEntire took in the celebration here on the Fourth and was looking very well indeed."

SUICIDED BY DROWNING.

James Reed Commits Suicide In Musser's Milldam at Millheim.

An elderly gentleman, James Reed, living in Millheim, committed suicide by drowning himself in Musser's mill dam, which is just on the edge of the town, on Monday evening of this week.

The water was drawn from the dam on the evening of the same day and the body recovered.

Mr. Reed, of late has not been of entirely sound mind. During the past winter he was afflicted with stone in the bladder and an operation was performed several weeks ago by several physicians to remove the same, and the disease it is thought had a tendency towards unsettling his mind at times and during one of these periods of temporary derangement he committed the deed. It is reported also that he threatened to commit suicide on several occasions.

Mr. Reed came to this part of the country from New Jersey during the building of our rail road, with a number of carts and horses. After the road was finished he located in Brush valley and married the widow Gramley. His wife died more than two years ago, and last fall he was married to Mrs. Miller, widow of William Miller.

Nearly Suffocated.

Ed. Stump, living about two miles east of town, on Saturday, while assisting in drawing water from the cistern on his farm, preparatory to cleaning it, felt a very peculiar sensation about the head and started for the house, but went instead toward the barn and entered the feeding entry. He had hardly entered when he fell forward on his face upon some hay, in a faint, in which position he was found a half hour later. He was black in the face, and was carried to the house and medical assistance quickly summoned. He is now suffering from an attack of congestion of the brain, and is out of danger. He lay in an unconscious state for a day or so. Had he not been discovered at the time he was, it would have only been a few minutes until the vital spark had fled, as he was almost suffocated and had an extremely narrow escape, and was with no little difficulty revived.

A Burglar's Work.

On Monday night a most daring burglary occured at the residence of Benjamin Rich, Unionville, this county. About midnight Mr. Rich was awakened by hearing some one in his room. Thinking it was his son, Mr. Rich asked him what he wanted. The burglar made no reply but grabbed Mr. Rich's trousers and started to run. Mr. Rich jumped out of bed and made for him, when the burglar turned and discharged a revolver. The bullet whistled past Mr. Rich's head in a very unpleasant manner. In fact he had a very narrow escape with his life. The thief succeeded in getting out of the house and away with the pants, the pockets of which contained about $7 in money, a $65 watch and some valuable papers. Mr. Rich at once aroused his neighbors and made a thorough search for the burglar, but without success.

A Constable Outwitted

A Sharon constable was outwitted one day recently. He detected two men fishing in Shenango, near Clarksville on Sunday, and was about to arrest them, says the Greenville *Progress*, but they promised to appear before the squire on Monday morning at 8 o'clock, and he let them go. About 3 o'clock Monday morning the two men appeared before the squire and each made complaint against the other for fishing on Sunday. The fine is $25, and one-half goes to the informer. Both of these men were fined, and each got one-half of his comrade's fine. At 8 o'clock all parties appeared before the squire informed him that he had just fined the men for the offense and, therefore, could not fine them again.

The Basket In It.

The purchasers of peaches this summer will not be obliged to "fetch the basket back." The receivers of fruit in Philadelphia met and decided to fix the price of a peach basket at two and one-half cents, which will be paid the shipper and no redemption. As a result no baskets will be returned to the shippers, and all peaches will be purchased in original packages.

An Opportunity,

Mr. W. E. Lennay, of Newport, Pa., last week erected one of his portable photograph galleries opposite the hotel, in Centre Hall, and will remain only for a short time. A big reduction has been made in the price of cabinets and until July 31st, cabinets will be made for $1 50. This is a splendid opportunity and our citizens should avail themselves of the opportunity afforded.

Elected to fill the Position.

Prof. W. P. Hosterman, of Penn Hall, at the meeting of the Bellefonte school board, was elected to fill the position of assistant principal of the Bellefonte High school. The office last year was creditably filled by ex-Co. Supt. D. M. Wolf, of Spring Mills, who retires and Prof. Hosterman will become his successor.

— Give Lewins, Bellefonte, your order for spring and summer clothing and you will not regret it. Low prices and no shoddy.

May Bring Suit.

It looks as though the Sunbury council will figure as defendant and plaintiff in two lawsuits which will come before the Northumberland county court. Market street has been paved, and the property owners are expected to assist the town council in paying for it. The former have ignored the notices sent to pay in thirty days. William Sober, Esq., of Sunbury, has been employed by the property owners, and when council brings suit they will be prepared to defend themselves. On the other hand Contractor Mack says that councilmen signed the contract, and he will look to them for his money. Quite a number of similar cases have been tried throughout the state, and each time the property holders came out victorious.

Other town councils should take warning and not do work they are not authorized by law to do. They have no right to make walks at the boro's expense, but must charge lot owners for it. much less have they a right to build walks along some unimproved lots and tax the citizens for it, while along other unimproved lots they notify the owners to do this. That is neither just nor fair, and no tax payer need stand it.

A Plucky Girl

While picking blackberries in a dense growth of bushes Monday Miss Laure Leininger, of Penn township, Huntingdon county, suddedly felt her left arm encircled tighly in the coils of a huge blacksnake. Before she relized her danger the snake had thrown its tail around her right wrist, rendering her almost helpless in its terrible folds.

Miss Leininger screamed for help, but as she did so the snake thrust out its fiery fangs and made a strike at her lips. Quick as thought the girl grasped the monster by the neck with her left hand and tore it from her arms. Before she released herself, however, the snake had bitten her hand several times. The heroine dispatched his snakeship and went to her home, where the wounds were dressed. Laura is the daughter of Marthin Leininger. and excepting a great nervous shock and a swollen hand, she does not suffer any inconvenience.

A Strange Story.

The eccentricities of fate are curiously and painfull illustrated in the experience of a Mr. Yarrington, who has naturally become very much disheartened. He was at work in Johnstown when the big dam broke. The flood washed away all his earthly possessions and one of his children was drowned. He then moved to Arizona and was getting along successfully, when another flood carried away everything he had and drowned another child. Once more he removed and he fixed upon a spot in the Indian Territory, where he thought he was beyond the reach of disaster. But a third time a flood swept through the town and he was beggared. Moreover he lost a third child by drowning. He is almost crazed with grief at these repeated bereavements and losses.

Change in Time.

A change in the time table of our road went into effect on Monday morning, as will be seen in another column by reference to the schedule, The changes are slight, and only affect the early morning and evening trains. The morning train passes Centre Hall five minutes earlier, at 7.03, instead of 6.58, and the evening train at 4.28, instead of 4.30. The run from Bellefonte has been cut down and the morning train leaves ten minutes later than heretofore, and the evening train arrives five minutes earlier. This is good as the speed is raised, but there is still plenty of room for reduction of the time between Bellefonte and Montandon.

The Horse Ran Off.

On Monday Mike Condo drove in front of the barber shop with his meat wagon and went in to get his hair cut. A traction engine coming up street frightened the horse and it started up Church street on the run, striking a post at the corner with the wagon and narrowly escaping a smash up. Mike was in the barber chair with the job only half completed, when he heard the racket and started after, but a stern chase is a long one and Mike soon found it so. About a mile west of town the horse and wagon were recovered without anything broken. The horse had evidently tired of its running and stopped of its own accord.

Scarpology.

The science of scarpology says an exchange, consists of telling character by the wear of the shoes. When the soles worn toward the toe they indicate deceit and even criminality; wear at the back of the heels denotes pride and vanity; while a sole that shows wear on on every part demonstrates a frank upright and fearless character.

Propose to Move it.

A proposition is on foot to remove the Central Pennsylvania college from New Berlin to Milton. The buildings must be en larged and remodeled. It is proposed, hower, that if the citizens of New Berlin, where the college is now located raise five thousand dollars, it will remain permanently.

——Do you want to secure genuine bargains in clothing and gent's furnishing goods? Lewins, at the Philad. Branch, Bellefonte, can save you considerable money.

THE COUNTY DEMOCRACY.

Primary Election and County Convention. Time of Holding Each.

The domocratic voters of Centre co. will meet at the regular places of holding the general election, for their districts, on

SATURDAY AUGUST 8TH, 1891,

to elect delegates to the Democratic County Convention. Under the rules the election will open at 2 p m., and close at 6 p. m. The delegates chosen at the above stated time, will meet in convention at the court house, in Bellefonte, on

TUESDAY, AUGUST 11TH, 1891,

at 12 m., to nominate one candidate for Jury Commissioner; to elect three conferees to represent the county in a conference of the Senatorial district to nominate two candidates for delegates to the Constitutional Convention; to elect one delegate to the State Convention for 1891; to elect five delegates to the State Convention for 1892; to elect a Chairman of the County Committee for 1892, and to transact such other business as the interests of the party may require.

APPORTIONMENT OF DELEGATES.

On Saturday July 18, at a meeting of the Democratic county committee, at Bellefonte, a new apportionment was made. It was based on the vote for Pattison 5,249, and increases the number of delegates in the county convention from 95 to 105. The following is the new apportionment:

Bellefonte N W	3	Haines W P	3
" S W	4	Halfmoon	1
" W W	2	Harris	3
Howard Boro	1	Huston	1
Milesburg	1	Howard	2
Centre Hall	2	Liberty	2
Millheim	3	Marion	2
Philipsburg 1st W	1	Miles	6
" 2ed W	3	Patton	2
" 3nd W	2	Penn	4
Unionville	1	Potter N P	2
Benner twp	3	" S P	4
Boggs N P	1	Rush S P	2
" W P	3	" N P	3
" E P	1	Snow Shoe W P	1
Burnside	1	" E P	3
College E P	2	Spring S P	3
" W P	1	" N P	3
Curtin	1	" W P	2
Ferguson E P	3	Taylor	1
" W P	3	Union	2
Gregg S P	5	Walker	4
" N P	2	Worth	1
Hains E P	2		
Total			105.

By the new apportionemnt the following districts each gain one delegate: Bellefonte 3—N. W., S. W. and W. W.; Centre Hall, Millheim, Philipsburg—3rd Ward, Boggs twp.—W. P., Miles, Union, Spring—N. P.

DELEGATE ELECTION BOARD.

The following a partial list have been appointed to hold the delegate elections in each voting precinct.

Bellefonte—N Ward: W S Galbraith, ch., W M Walker, Mat Dooley; S W: Joseph Wise, ch., Pat Garrity, Harry Jackson; W W: John Dunlap, ch., M A Kirk, William Reasner.

Centre Hall—John T Lee, ch., R B Spangler, R D Foreman.

Howard—H A Moore, ch., A Weder, William T Loder.

Milesburg—A M Butler, ch., Frank Shope, Jas Proudfoot.

Millheim—A C Musser ch., C W Hartmam, H E Duck.

Unionville—E M Griest, ch., J C Rumberger, Wm Moran.

Benner—Harvy Benner, ch., A Y Wagner, Henry N Hoy.

College—E P: W H Mokle, ch., W H Close, Wm Grove, Jr., W P: J N Crumrine, ch., Frank Kenndy, Boyd Musser.

Ferguson—E P: Daniel Dreibelbis, ch., G F Miller, W B Ward; W P: Geo W Keichline, ch., Frank Bowersox, Joseph Heberling.

Gregg—N P: Jas P Grove, ch., John S Hoy, Wm Lose; S P: Chas W Fisher, ch., H B Hering, Wm J Hanna.

Haines—E P, Isaac M Orndorf, ch., Henry Reinhart, N W Eby; W P: Geo B Shafer ch., P S Meyer, David Bowersox.

Harris—J W Keller, D T Wieland, Bruce Harrison.

Howard—W T Leathers, ch., Samuel B Leathers, H M Confer.

Marion—John J Shaffer, ch., John C Hoy, Wm Orr.

Miles—Jas P Frank ch., W J Carlin, Noah Corman.

Penn—J C Stover, ch., Samuel Ard, A P Zerby,

Potter—N P: S W Smith, ch., Jacob Wagner, Wm Grove; S P. Jas B Spangler, ch., W G Runkle, W W Spangler.

Spring—N P: James Carson, ch., Shuman Lyon, L H Wian; S P: Jerry Donovan, ch. John Brown J A Hazel; W P: E E Ardery, ch., John Roan, J A Whiteman.

L. A. SHAEFFER
Chairman.

Specimen Cases.

S. H. Clifford, New Cassel, Wis., was troubled with Neuralgia and Rheumatism his Stomach was disordered, his Liver was affected to an alarming degree appetite fell away, and he was terribly reduced in flesh and strength. Three bottles of Electric Bitters cured him,

Edward Shepherd, Harrisburg, Ill., had a running sore on his leg of eight years' standing. Used three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and his leg is sound and well. John Speaker, Catawba O., had five large Fever sores on his leg, doctors said he was incurable. One bottle Electric Bitters and one box Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured him entirely. Sold by J. D. Murray's Drug Store.

Union County Deaths.

In Lewisburg, on July 11th, Mrs. Hannah Wensel, relict of John Wensel, sr., in her 85th year.

In Kelley twp., on July 4th, Mrs. Rebecca Painter, relict of the late Wm. Painter, deceased, in her 72ad year.

In Lewisburg, July 13th, by accident, Silas Cornelius, aged about 48 years.

In Vicksburg, July 11th, J. C. Raudenbush, aged about 65 years.

Will Meet at Bellefonte.

Bellefonte has been chosen as the place to hold the 3rd annual convention and parade of the Central Penna. Association, P. O. S. of A., comprising the counties of Centre, Clinton, Lycoming, Clearfield, Jefferson, Cameron and Blair on the 3rd and 4th of July, 1892.

Farm Fertilizers.

The large yield of crops realized from the use of the fertilizers heretofore sold by us, is a sufficient guarantee of our claim that we furnish the most value for the money paid to us, for this line of goods.

Our Champion $25.00, per ton, Ammoniated bone Super phosphate, is a complete fertilizer and has given an honest return for the money invested.

We guarantee more value for the money invested than is furnished for the same amount of money in any other fertilizer.

Lester's Ammoniated dissolved bone is a straight animal bone Phosphate, which gives satisfaction.

Crocker's Buffalo Ammoniated superphosphate, has earned the claim made for it, an "Honest Fertilizer," which makes crops grow large yield, making the use of the "Buffalo" profitable to the farmer who investe in it.

Dissolved South Carolina rock, is one of the leading fertilizers; and its value consists in the percentage of available phosphoric acid it contains. Farmers will consult their own interests by learning the value of fertilizers before purchasing. We invite a careful inquiry as to the value of fertilizers sold by us. Car load orders receive special attention. McCALMONT & Co.

23july6t Bellefonte, Pa.

Farmers Mills.

M. L. Rishel, Esq., has the boss field of Barley in this vicinity.

Campmeeting at the Cave has been postponed till Aug. 20th.

The funeral of Oscar Duck, at this place on the 15th inst., was largely attended. A goodly number of the Knights of the Golden Eagle, of Three Castles, were in attendance, to take part in the burial of their brother, O. Duck.

Many of our citizens attended the funeral of Israel Vonada, at Yearick's church, on last Sunday forenoon. His age was, 56 years, 9 months and 19 days. Rev. S. Aurand officiated.

The Union Sunday school, at this place, intend holding a festival in the grove near the Union church, on Saturday afternoon and evening, Aug. 1st., which likely is intended as a preparatory step towards their Semi-centennial celebration of this school, which is to take place during the summer of 1892. All are invited to be present and take part in the' good work. Proceeds are for the benefit of the Sunday school.

This neighborhood is blessed with an abundance of fruit of all necessary kinds.

Visitors to the cave are quite numerous since the warm weather began.

The bountiful wheat crop is harvested about here, and it is about all housed in good shape and the steam thresher is being heard daily, threshing for seed, etc.

Little Arthur Homan and his elder brother were playing about the mower last week and accidently cut one of Master Arthur's fingers nearly off, at the machine knives, but the good care he gets will bring him out all right again.

Most of the oats which was sowed early, looks splendid, and is ripening already.

Our miller is sporting a new family carriage of late.

Mrs. C. Rishel has recovered her usual health again, and is able to walk out and see the world move.

Potters Mills.

J. R. Strong has given his order for a hyd raulic cider press, capacity from 100 to 125 barrels per day. W. B. Crape, of Spring Mills, being the agent for the above.

Samuel McCoy, son of Alex McCoy, met with an almost fatal accident while taking their double harpoon hay fork down, it slipped and fell on Sam. one point striking him on the muscle of the arm, causing an ugly cut, the other point going down his back but did not go through the skin.

Our new post master, J. R. Bible, is making hosts of friends by his prompt delivery of mail.

Samuel Strong while out hunting foxes, shot a bald eagle that measured six feet from tip to tip of wings.

W. J. Smith is putting a sheet iron roof on his tannery, Mr. Andrew Reesman being the contractor.

Miss Katie Hewes, of Bellefonte, is spending a few weeks at this place with her aunts, the Misses Pearce.

Mrs. John Colyer has something like a cancer, which ate a vein off and she almost bled to death

Mr. James Houser lost a fine mule, caused by a rupture of the spleen, and bled to death.

Aaronsburg.

Many visitors in town.

The Independent band realized forty-eight dollars at their festival, on Saturday evening.

Harry Yearick and family go back to Philadelphia on Saturday.

Tom. Rote and wife, of Orangeville, Ill., and John Rote and family, of Bellefonte, are visiting their mother.

Cyrus Bright is home from Lock Haven for a few days.

Samuel Williams, of Woodward, was very seriously injured by the bursting of an emory wheel, while gumming saws on Bishop's saw mill.

Now Try This.

It will cost you nothing and will surely do you good, if you have a Cough, Cold, or any trouble with Throat, Chest or Lungs. Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds is guaranteed to give relief, or money will be paid back. Sufferers from La Grippe found it just the thing and under its use had a speedy and perfect recovery. Try a sample bottle at our expense and learn for yourself just how good a thing it is. Trial bottles free at J. D. Murray's Drug Store. Large size 50c. and $1.00.

Married.

SKYLER—BANE.—In Centre Hall, July 21, 1891, by James C. Beal, J. P., Mr. George Skyler and Emma Bane, all of Millheim, Centre county, Pa.

LONEBERGER—KREAMER.—At the Reformed parsonage in Bellefonte, July 2nd, by Rev. Miles O. Noll, Mr. George Loneberger, of Bellefonte, to Miss Eva Kreamer, of Millheim.

MUSSELMAN—PUFF.—At the same place, July 11th, by Rev. M. O. Noll, Mr. J. L. Musselman, of Mt. Carmel, to Mrs. Catharine Puff, of Centre Hall.

——Good shoes, at very low prices can be found at A. C. Mingle's shoe store, Bellefonte, and a very large assortment to select from. He handles no shoddy goods and full return guaranteed.

——No shelf worn stock is thrust upon customers at A. C. Mingle's shoe store, Bellefonte. His large trade enables him to constantly keep new goods, and always of the latest styles and at very moderate prices, as all customers admit.

Centre Hall Enterprise.

The well known and popular Druggist, J. D. Murray, has taken the Agency for Dr. Lee's Liver Regulator, which he recommends for the quick cure of Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Liver Complaint and all Blood Troubles. Trial bottles free.

It is a well known fact that Pan-Tina Cough and Consumption Cure has cured Consumption and Chronic Coughs and Colds when all else failed. Price 25 and 50 cents. Trial bottles free.

Linden Hall.

Farmers have been busy the past week making hay and harvesting.

Berries and cherries have been very plenty, but are now about over.

Gertie Swabb, from Philadelphia, is spending her vacation at her home in Bellefonte. She spent several days in our neighborhood.

A. E. Zeigler was to Bellefonte on Monday.

A little son of Mr. Frank Swabb, in Boalsburg, fell from a spring wagon and broke his collar bone, while at a children's picnic, in McFarlane's grove.

Mr. Samuel Gettig has left our neighborhood and gone to Bellefonte.

If Sufferers from Consumption

Coughs and Colds will try Pan-Tina Cough and Consumption Cure, they will find quick relief and permanent benefit. The medical profession declare it a remedy of the highest value. Try it. Price 25 and 50 cents. Trial bottles free.

A large proportion of the diseases which cause human suffering, result from derangement of the Stomach, Bowels and Liver. Dr. Lee's Liver Regulator removes all these troubles. Trial bottles free at J. D. Murray's Drug Store.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Grain Market.

CORRECTED WEEKLY BY KURTZ & SON.

White wheat	98
Red wheat	1 00
Rye	70
Corn, ears	70
Corn, shelled	74
Oats	52
Barley	60

Produce at Stores.

Butter	10
Eggs	15
Lard	7
Shoulders	7
Ham	11
Tallow	4
Potatoes	100

ABOUT SPRING FEVER.

Who hasn't suffered from this disease? We say disease advisedly, for such it is. It is a general relaxation of the system that makes the victim averse to exertion. Unless the constitution is keyed up when these symptoms appear, some acute malady attacks the most vulnerable point and life is endangered. A good stimulant promptly and properly used soon tones up the weak spots. Leading physicians of the land invariably recommend the use of Pure Rye Whiskey in such cases. Max Klein's "Silver Age" and "Duquesne" Rye Whiskies are sold under a sworn guarantee of purity so that the consumer takes no risk—"Silver Age" at $1.50 and "Duquesne" at $1.25 per full quart bottle. Mr. Klein also keeps the largest and choicest stock of Brandies, Wines etc., in Pennsylvania. Goods are sent by express everywhere. Write for Catalogue and Price List (mentioning this paper,) to Max Klein, 82 Federal street, Allegheny City.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—LETTERS of Administration upon the estate of George Grossman, dec'd., of Potter township, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned he would respectfully request all persons owing themselves indebted to the estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement. WM. GROSSMAN,

16jul'91t Administrator.

FOR SALE.—A LARGE SIZE 2ND HAND cook stove; apply at the REPORTER office.

LEGAL NOTICE.—NOTICE IS HEREBY given that the account of William P Humes, Committee of the estate of Benjamin Frazier, a lunatic, has been filed in the prothonotary's office, and that the same will be confirmed at our next Court of Common Pleas, unless exceptions be filed thereto. L. A. SCHAEFFER,

4t Prothonotary.

CAUTION.—HAVING PURCHASED AT constable's sale the following property of John H. Lee: 2 horses and gears, 3 cows, 1 hog, 1 2-horse wagon, top buggy, Buckeye cultivator, ½ grain in barn and in ground, and all the defendant's personal property, all persons are hereby cautioned against meddling with same as I leave same in his possession at my pleasure.

283t HIRAM LEE. Tusseyville, July 22, 1891.

WM. WOLF & SON.

Our patrons will fine special drives for them during this mid-summer season. Many articles are reduced, in order to induce you to buy before the season is too far advanced.

GENTLEMEN

will find their "furnishings" in abundance here, and in Negligee Shirts a special *drop in price* will greet you.

Neck Wear, etc., in abundance and at correspondingly low prices.

Call in.

Yours Respectfully,
WM. WOLF & SON.